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Mystic VISIONS

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A Beautiful Collection of Inspiring Mystical Poems of Rare Spiritual Excellence

SRI SWAMI KAIVALYANANDA

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MYSTIC VISIONS

By

SRI SWAMI KAIVALYANANDA SARASWATI

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FOREWORD

By Sri Swami Chidananda

I am delighted and privileged to write these few lines as a foreword to this collection of inspiring mystical poems culled together in this volume. They are the outpouring of a rare soul, who has risen high in the realm of spiritual ecstasy and vision and attained the pinnacles of inner experience. These poems are of rare spiritual excellence and deserve to be read and reread and treasured in your heart. They thrill with the touch of Divine revelations and reveal a Wisdom beyond knowledge. Each poem is a gem of peerless value and every poem bids fair to outdo the preceding in its beauty, inspiration and soul-delighting spiritual quality.

The revered Swami Kaivalyananda is a beloved spiritual brother, who sat in discipleship at the feet of the holy Master Swami Sivanandaji Maharaj. He was initiated into the lofty mysteries of pure Adwaita by Gurudev Sivananda Bhagavan, who also gave him the Sannyasa Diksha as a recipient worthy of this holy order. Swami Kaivalyanandaji's spirit has unfolded in the silence of seclusion even as a beautiful flower blooms in the night to be seen in all its full beauty at the coming of dawn. Unseen, he has climbed the heights of illumination and these most beautiful and soul-stirring poems are the result of his spiritual unfoldment and attainment. This is a volume that must be in the hands of every advanced seeker and spiritual Sadhaka. I wish more poems would come from this inspired author.

The entire book is invaluable. I failed in trying to choose special poems. Each poem is special, for everyone of them is unique, excellent and beautiful. Such is the song of wonder, O death, Nirvana Gita, Truth without a second, The glory of God, O Love listen, Voice of silence, etc., etc. The holy poet has done a great service unto mankind by making available these inner whisperings of his illumined soul and put us into a debt of deep gratitude. These are poems of Light, Bliss and Immortal life. Hari Om Tat Sat.

Swami Chidananda
ॐ

P.O. Sivanandanagar.
President, Divine Life Society.

INTRODUCTION

To every thinking man, life itself will appear as the greatest mystery, miracle and wonder. Man is that most wonderful portion of matter ignited by the Sun of Absolute Consciousness, light, power and wisdom. In this glorious creation we find from the tiny atom to the mighty sun—animate or inanimate—all things move in order guided and controlled by an invisible force inexplicable by our frail reasoning. Everything moves in rhythm. Everything has a set purpose and destination. Our lives too have a definite purpose to be fulfilled. Are we not endowed with the rare faculties of intelligence, thought, feeling and cognition? Such inherent powers enable us to invent and discover, to seek and conquer.

Experience proves that man is no slave of circumstances; but he is the maker as well as the modifier of it—nay, the very architect of his own destiny. Yet, there are events in life which seem to blind him and he does not have even a partial glimpse of them before their occurrence. But they are contained in the web of relativity and so long as his consciousness remains in the grip of ignorance, he is bound to experience a certain limitation subject to birth, existence, growth, change, decay and death. The secret of his life lies in the fact that the relentless destiny ceases to operate the moment he transcends the relative consciousness. It is the relative consciousness that makes him feel his body and the world as the only reality and the source and soul of the universe as an unreality. True knowledge, true education and right aim of life therefore, consist in the vision of the aboriginal abyss of transcendental consciousness and greatness achieved through Self-knowledge.

Both the good and the pleasant are found in life. As the ancient Upanishads say, "The good is one thing and the pleasant is another thing. Both these of different aims bind a person. Of these, well is it for him who takes the good; he fails of his aim who chooses the pleasant" (Kathopanishad. II-1). Most of us in reality do not know what we seek. We simply move hither and thither immersed in our routine work, buffeted by like and dislike and innumerable other miseries. Out of vanity, we call it life. Let us live in vanity fair, since we have to live in it; but let us be familiar too with the delectable mountain and the enchanting sky. True aim of life constitutes realisation and fulfilment of life itself. But we are lost in the glamour of external show. We have no time to think of Self and salvation. We delight in evil and renounce the good. But sooner or later, every one has to wake up to right understanding and it was the dawn of such discrimination and light that had impelled me to seek the inner life of wonder and beauty.

Ours is an age of advanced science and modern socialism and, it seems that science and modernity demand us to imagine ourselves as a collection of finest matter and follow the principle—eat, drink, procreate, laugh, weep and die. But when we dive deep into the inner realms of life, we will find that the world of silver and gold built on the bedrock of senses has no substantial existence, whatsoever. At the same time let us not attempt to deny altogether the existence of an extra-subjective aspect of life and innumerable other realities, however relative they may be, that are confronted with in our day-to-day experience. We are compelled to face them. But at the same time we should see that we do not sell away our precious life to purchase them for mere sport. Material life, no matter however consistent and persistent it may appear to be, is limited and all our duties and possessions too are limited and superficial when compared with the dimensions of spiritual existence and its realisation. True material life founded on democratic socialism should shatter poverty, and provide man less responsibility, more and more leisure; freedom of right thought, expression and action. This in turn should enable him to contemplate and realise the higher spiritual aspect of life leading to final beatitude.

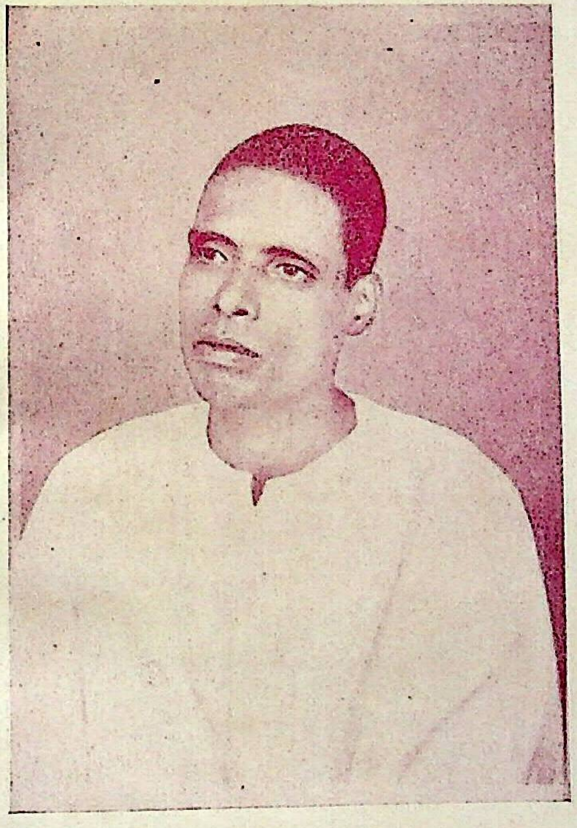
The life of Sannyasa is the transcendental way of life. It is as bright and clear as daylight and the last rung in the ladder of life's evolution. It is an unfoldment of our inner divine consciousness. To the intelligent and thoughtful, it is the pathway leading to a new world of intuition, light and oneness which at one and the same time embraces and excludes the sense-world of smiles, tears and separation. It leads us to the joy of Self-realisation and an understanding which will enable us to cognise and feel the entire universe as our own body—an interdependent organism vibrating in the same ocean of consciousness. It is this splendid vision that makes man human as well as divine. Others only talk of service, love and devotion. So long as our consciousness remains distorted by ignorance and without knowing its true greatness, ours is only a tall talk of ideals and in the practical field, we will find ourselves groping in utter darkness and delusion.

Neither poverty nor class-struggle can be the only causes for our suffering and inequalities. The barrier of ignorance that divides and separates man from man should be destroyed and it can be destroyed only through the direct realisation of one's own spiritual identity with the rest of existence. Only then can love, renunciation and service become natural and spontaneous. The aim and object of Sannyasa being this, I have embraced it. For fifteen long years I had lived in the Himalayas; thought and meditated, and this poetic compositions are the glad tidings of joy expressed in words, whenever it swept over me.

I conclude with the hope that it will be a source of joy and inspiration to fellow-seekers of Truth.

—*Swami Kaivalyananda.*

THE AUTHOR



Sri Swami Kaivalyananda

TWENTY IMPORTANT SPIRITUAL INSTRUCTIONS

(H.H. Sri Swami Sivananda)

1. Get up at 4 a.m. daily. This is Brahma Muhurta which is extremely favourable for meditation on God.

2. Asan: Sit on Padma, Siddha or Sukha Asana for Japa and meditation for half an hour, facing the East or the North. Increase the period gradually to three hours. Do Sirshasana and Sarvangasana for keeping up Brahmacharya and health. Take light physical exercises as walking etc., regularly. Do twenty Pranayamas.

3. Japa: Repeat any Mantra as pure Om or Om Namo Narayanaya, Om Namah Sivaya, Om Namo Bhagavate Vasudevaya, Om Saravanabhavaya Namah, Sita Ram, Sri Ram, Hari Om, or Gayatri, according to your taste or inclination, from 108 to 21,600 times daily.

4. Dietetic discipline: Take Sattwic food, Suddha Ahara. Give up chillies, tamarind, garlic, onion, sour articles, oil, mustard and asafoetida. Observe moderation in diet (Mitahara). Do not overload the stomach. Give up those things which the mind likes best for a fortnight in a year. Eat simple food. Milk and fruits help concentration. Take food as medicine, to keep life going. Eating for enjoyment is

sin. Give up salt and sugar for a month. You must be able to live on rice, dhall and bread without any chutni. Do not ask for extra salt for dhal and sugar for tea, coffee, or milk.

5. Have a separate meditation room under lock and key.

6. Do charity regularly, every month, or even daily, according to your means, say one anna per rupee.

7. Swadhyaya: Study systematically the Gita, Ramayana, Bhagavata, Vishnu-Sahasranama, Lalita Sahasranama, Aditya Hridaya, Upanishads, Yoga-Vasishtha, the Bible, Zend Avesta, the Koran, the Tripitakas, the Granth Sahib, etc., from half an hour to one hour daily, and have Suddha-Vichara.

8. Preserve the vital force (Veerya) very very carefully. Veerya is God in motion or manifestation, Vibhuti. Veerya is all power. Veerya is money. Veerya is the essence of life, thought and intelligence.

9. Get by heart some prayer Slokas, Stotras, and repeat them as soon as you sit on the Asana before starting Japa or meditation. This will elevate the mind quickly.

10. Have Satsanga. Give up bad company, smoking, meat and alcoholic liquors entirely. Do not develop any evil habits.

11. Fast on Ekadasi or live on milk and fruits only.

12. Have a Japa Mala (rosary) round your neck or in your pocket or underneath your pillow at night.

13. Observe Mouna for a couple of hours daily.

14. Speak the truth at all cost. Speak a little. Speak sweetly.

15. Reduce your wants. If you have four shirts reduce the number to three or two. Lead a happy contented life. Avoid unnecessary worry. Have plain living and high thinking.

16. Never hurt anybody. Control anger by love, Kshama (forgiveness) and Daya (compassion).

17. Do not depend upon servants. Self-reliance is the highest of all virtues.

18. Think of the mistakes you have committed during the course of the day, just before retiring to bed (self-analysis). Keep diary and self-correction register. Do not brood over past mistakes.

19. Remember that death is awaiting you every moment. Never fail to fulfil your duties. Have pure conduct (Sadachara).

20. Think of God as soon as you wake up and just before you go to sleep. Surrender yourself completely to God (Saranagati).

This is the essence of all spiritual Sadhanas. This will lead you to Moksha. All these Niyamas or spiritual canons must be rigidly observed. You must not give leniency to the mind.

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Mystic Visions

CHAPTER ONE

ODE TO SATGURU SIVANANDA

Thou art a mighty Sun
Millions have basked in Thy shine
Thy immortal name will rmain
Till the end of creation.
As a humble seeker of Truth I reached Thee
Desperate, forlorn and unhappy;
Thou hath received me, fed me
And clothed me with such tenderness and affection
That Thy very remembrance fills me with a rare joy
Which, even the heavenly bliss can hardly surpass.
Verily, my happiest days in life were those
When I had my sojourn with Thee
I was blind, Thou gave me eyes;
I was deaf; Thou gave me ears;
I was hungry; Thou gave me food;
I was ignorant; Thou gave me wisdom.
So, t'll I remain in the mortal fold
I shall delight in Thy remembrance
And departing from here
I shall join Thee in unison.

SALUTATIONS

Salutations to all saints and sages
Of all countries and ages
Whose words are my sacred hymns;
As supreme blessedness I adore them.
Reverence to the Gurus and reverence to the seekers of God,
Reverence to those who live in God.
In this world of pride and vanity,
Restlessness, selfishness and moral depravity
God-men, like a fountain of light and bliss,
In blood and flesh live and sacrifice—
Unto the world every wave of their divine ecstasy;
In words and deeds they diffuse peace and solace;
In their limitless ocean of consciousness floats,
The mortal world like a tiny boat;
They are the way, the truth and their Divinity hails;
In its joy, the world, like a ship sails.
Woe unto man, if he heeds them not,
Woe unto the world, if it forsakes saints.
Without saints, this world is dead;
Without saints, this world is a graveyard.

THE LAND OF SILENCE

I was lying in a silent cave,
Watching the mountain vales and Ganges waves;
It was evening; and the setting sun,
Sank in the western horizon;
Birds hurried to their nests
And sang the last song of the day;
The shepherds turned homeward,
With the flock of sheep and disappeared;
The snow-clad mountain's whiteness
Slowly faded and lost the brightness;
The wind blew in a bated manner
And the pine groves whistled no more;
The river Ganges lost her charm
In the cloud of darkness sank her form;
My eyes saw no forms,
My ears heard no sound,
My mouth spoke no words.
And the waves of mind were still;
The fetter of body
Was felt like a shadow;
I marched through the charm of solitude
And climbed the peak of joys plenitude;
I rolled in silence, in tense silence
And peeped at the dream-land vision:
Self-effulgent sun illumined the land of silence;
Supreme bliss filled the land of brilliance;
All mundane dreams vanished in a moment.
And the soul alone danced there in triumph.

MY POSSESSIONS

The rich has pleasure;
The poor has worries.
But to me, O God,
The thrill of silence.
The river has banks;
The flower has bees.
But to me, O God,
Thy divine grace.
The bird has nest;
The king has palace.
But to me, O God,
The realm of bliss.
The sky has sun;
The cloud has moon.
But to me, O God,
Thy divine vision.
The heaven has brilliance;
The earth has shadow.
But to me, O God,
The glow of thy effulgence.
The scholar has learning;
The musician has songs.
But to me, O God,
The bliss of Brahman.
Solitude has charm;
The Society has alarm.
But to me, O God,
The peace of silence.

The lion has courage;
The parrot has beauty.
But to me, O God,
Thy charm and wonder.
The sun has radiance;
The moon has calmness.
But to me, O God,
The rapture of loneliness.
The wind has swiftness;
The ocean has waves.
But to me, O God,
The bliss of stillness.
The child has mother;
The sister has brother.
But to me, O World,
The lord of all beings.
The hero has valour;
The king has power.
But to me, O World,
The Kingdom of God.
The world has history;
The ignorant has misery.
But to me, O World,
The mystery of God.

SUPREME CONDITION

The bubble of mind was pricked
And the phenomenal world stood exposed.
The play of Maya was checkmated;
All dual notions lost their pretensions;
All sensual cravings and slavish desires—
Were buried beyond resurrection.
Lo! the gate of infinite bliss was opened
And there dawned the vision of God.
The sea of falsehood, cunningness and lies is dried up;
Neither in me exists any attachments nor anxiety,
Either waking, dreaming or sleeping;
O anywhere I enjoy the supreme condition.

MY HOMELAND

In walked into the homeland,
The brilliant land of pure love.
My eyes were dimmed;
My ears were closed;
My mouth was shut up;
My breath was stopped.
The wandering mind was still;
The mischievous reason was silent.
I was deaf; I heard without ears.
I was blind; I saw without eyes.
I was dumb; I spoke without mouth.
I was alone and rumbled aloud.
My form was without beginning and end,
Without clolour, without day and night;
Without the seer, seen and sight;
Pervading all from within and without.
O mundane pleasures, name and fame,
Titles, riches and earthly gains,
Tell me, where are thy charms
Which, men, in agony seek and claim?
The heavenly world has lost its glow;
The glittering gold has lost its gleam,
The brittle beauties tempt me not;
Nay, nothing, nothing but my Homeland.*

---

*'Homeland' here means the kingdom of God or the Divinity of man.

THE DIVINE CALL

A spark of love sprang forth
From the snowy Himalayan vale;
It darted through the distant lands
And lifted me to the silent call—
'Welcome to the supreme abode of mine
And drink the immortal nectar Divine!'
The entire world vanished from my remembrance
And I sank in love's warm embrace;
The tiny spark stirred the heart:
I sat thoughtless with a vacant gaze.
Many nights were spent in sleepless wake,
With streaming tears, craving for Him.
Women and gold I flung as dust;
Worldly charms I never thought;
Maya's fetters were shattered at once,
But the streaming tears gushed in torrents.
Drenched in tears my craving eyes
Often caught His radiant glimpses;
Strength and courage I got so quick,
And darted off to the land of snows*.
In the charming dales and distant hills,
In the brilliant rays of the radiant sun,
In the silvery beams of the milky moon,
In lovely birds and blooming flowers,
I greeted Him, my beloved Lover.

---

*Himalayas

The fluttering leaves and waving branches,
The flying birds and flower bunches,
The rills, brooks and the silent mountain—
All dazzled in His light fountain.
In the cooling breeze He whispered to me
The gladsome message sweet like honey;
With the throbbing pulse He danced in joy
And filled the heart with ecstasy.
Divine grace He shed in torrents;
Heart's knots were rent asunder;
I quenched my thirst in supreme bliss,
And in its delight rejoice for ever

MY HEART'S CONTENTMENT

Like the sun-flower faces its beloved
My heart is turned towards God.
With the immortal OM it turns in rhythm
And in perfect poise rests in Him.
This universe is an effusion of bliss,
The infinite Self appears in all names and forms.
Touchless, soundless, without shadow
My home of bliss extends afar;
Infinitely spreads the glowing halo;
And the blissful harmony none could mar.
No earthly desires can disturb my peace,
My heart free from all worldly dross;
Meek and blissful rests in Him
The self-luminous lamp never to dim.

SHOWER OF BLISS

The twinkling stars are my wisdom sparks;
The rising sun is my glowing splendour;
The milky moon-beams are my nectar divine;
The beauteous spring is my smoothing joy.
The resonant music of OM
I breathe in every bosom.
Thinking in the mind, seeing in the eyes,
Waking in the wakeful, dreaming in the dreamy,
Sleeping with the asleep and as consciousness is trance,
I abide in all.
Rains of bliss I shower
On each and all for ever.

THE SOURCE OF LIFE

In the scorching heat of Samsaric desert
I sought for water to quench my thirst;
I wandered and with a weary heart,
Found life's source and support.
Like the rainfall showered the delicious Manna
My soul's nourishing food, the celestial farina:
O eternally I inherit this treasure,
Its infinite joy none could measure.
The panorama of duality I never saw,
All were sleeping calm and still like a waveless sea;
In Its bosom my soul breathed its joy
And dwelt peaceful like the infinite sky.

THE DISCOVERY OF SELF

I

I passed through the bloom of childhood and youth
In innocence, simplicity, mischief and mirth;
Freedom and play I always loved,
And studied my lessons when somebody compelled.
Again, in the dreamy visions of the world
Hither and thither I rolled;
Pleasant scenes of life greeted me well,
But worries too often put me in a pell mell.
Yet with all vanity I desired for life
Knowing neither its aim nor end.
I killed my days in some meaningless duties,
If not in Cinema, cards and games.

II

But the thought of death haunted my heart;
In its all-devouring presence I felt like a puppet.
Like many other cowards I didn't shrink aside,
Nor tried to slip away out of ignorance;
Nor made an empty challenge,
Nor blinked my eyes out of weakness.
But I felt that I must know it well,
Enter in it and then see it well.
Thus the realm of darkness I desired to measure,
For, the fear of death was a great pressure
Its murmering voice perturbed me much;
All worldly existence appeared like a ditch;
All vanities of life dazzled like a jugglar's show;

All pleasures, as mere pain in disguise.
Now I loved the graveyard more—its silence and loneliness
And pondered over the destiny of those slept in it.
I desired to see them face to face,
For, my heart could feel their presence.
I was without light, without a guide,
Without home, friends and other bodily needs;
Contented with whatever subsistence came by chance
I worked with the zeal of a treasure-hunter.
The moments of life were to me a precious chance;
I refused to live either in blindness,
Or to commit a blunder.
O this is the unwritten chapter in Socialism,
And this is what some deem as selfishness!

III

To live in ignorance and blindness
As a slave of caste, colour and creed,
To delight in the tickling of nerves,
In oil, scents and mortal curves,
In eating, drinking and procreating,
In planning, scheming and fighting
And run hither and thither restless
Creating everywhere disorder and chaos
Through delusion born of ignorance—
Through vanity born of blindness—
The one fine day or night
Sink like a dead weight in the gulf of death
Out of heart-failure or a coma,
Or through overeating or overindulgence,
Or after rolling in the cushion bed for months together

Gnashing the teeth and crying like a monster—
Then again in the funeral ground
Be reduced to a heap of ashes,
Or buried under the ground and eaten by worms,
Or thrown in water and consumed by fishes,
Or torn by animals, birds or jackals—
Ah! is this the unselfishness they speak of?
And the goal of humanity they point out?
Delusion! O these are human weaklings
Who carry the burden of worldliness;
Materialists—non-believers in God
Who destroy themselves and the world.
Their life is useless, and they live in vain,
Their death is relentless and they roll in pain.

IV

Various scenes of life floated in my mind;
I thought of the rocky cliffs, the herbs and trees,
The birds, animals and men,
The earth, stars, sun and moon;
Lo! the whole universe appeared in my vision;
I looked at it in wonderment.
All mathematical equations failed;
In them my ambition was not fulfilled;
Science and its dry void
Failed to molest my faith in God,
For my heart knew it well
That Truth is very very subtle—
Subtler than electrons, neutrons and protons;
I felt consciousness as the subtlest—
Subtler than the senses, mind and intellect;
I found consciousness as the subtlest—
Subtler than the scriptural texts;

I found the voice of silence the subtlest.
Lo! in the battle of life and death
I found the Absolute beneath them both.
In this ignorant world of embodiment
I discovered the way to emancipation.
In this world of meaningless action
I discovered the actionless Self Divine.
The pangs of death I crushed,
The joys of life I chewed;
O mine is the realm of infinite light
Which soars above life and death.
This is true manhood—true universality;
And the goal of the struggling humanity.

ABSOLUTE BEING

Ocean of silence in blissful being,
Still and calm without changing,
As the source of this universe, stands apart—
The farthest end of our journey's halt.
Infinite God of unfading glory,
My blissful abode of boundless joy,
Stands apart, beginningless and endless,
Touchless, soundless, colourless and tasteless.
Neither inwardly conscious nor outwardly conscious
Not a consciousness mass, yet conscious bliss
The transient phenomena ever transcending
In the cradle of bliss I lie swinging.
Peaceful, blessed, calm and tranquil
Spreads around the glowing mantle—
Covering the jet of my luminous heart;
It is the beaming beauty of life's true art.
Infinite Brahman above colour and sound,
Infinite joy above speech and mind,
As eternal Light, without beginning and end
Exists in itself without a second.

O LOVE !

O Love! that sparks in the twinkling stars,
In reseath cheeks and sparkling eyes,
In the dazzling rays of the radiant sun,
In blooming flowers, in rushing streams,
In the silent mountain and roaring sea,
In rivers, fields, in birds and trees
And throbs in all hearts of living beings;
That love am I, the transcendental mystery.
My net of love is spread everywhere;
None escapes its sweet embrace.
My silvery wings are cosmic day and night;
In bliss supernal I wander about.

THE TRANSCENDENTAL CAVE

The deepest cave where the sun peeps not,
Nor the stars, moon nor earthly fire illumines it—
The stupendous stillness where mind and intellect
Together with all phenomena cease to exist
Is the changeless Ultimate Reality,
Self-evident, Self-effulgent eternal beauty.
All diverse desires and false disquisitions,
In the fire of wisdom I set ablaze;
The bubble of the body and the cosmos
In absolute consciousness slowly merging,
I entered therein, still and calm
And dwelt peaceful in its charm;
Lo! the Light of lights which a few could perceive
Where the mind and intellect dare not to move;
Its melodious voice but a few could hear—
The loudest voice, ringing far and near.
Soundless, touchless, nameless and formless,
Tasteless, odourless, beginningless and endless
Shines the cave of transcendental wonder;
Nectarine bliss showers here for ever and ever.

MY LIFE

I dance away my life smiling,
Smiling and smiling I steal away all hearts;
I will kiss away the tears of the weeping,
O my cheerfulness no one could mar.
An odious enemy or a betraying friend
Could hardly stop the stream of my love;
Its perennial joy will pacify them in silence
And enrapture their hearts with its musical flow.
Weeping I came into the world of woes,
But smiling and dancing I will go.

MY ONLY DELIGHT

My love! my light! my home of bliss!
The boundless joy I clasp and kiss,
The only wish my heart could contain
Devoid of all desires mundane,
My life, my body, my only comfort
Is my God, Self-evident, Self-effulgent light;
And in its joy my soul takes delight.

NIRVANA GITA

Oh! Blessed Light transcendental, Effulgence of joy, love and beauty,
Glimpses of Divine sparks which fill my heart to its brim
Protect me, protect me, whether my steps fall
In hell or heaven, in light or darkness;
O away with good and bad, right and wrong—
Pure bliss am I the Transcendental wonder.
Earth may become reduced to ashes
Like a bundle of straw thrown in a blaze of fire;
The ocean may dry up at once
Like the rain-fall in an arid desert;
The fire may turn cool and chill
Like a blizzard that sweeps over a snowy mountain;
The wind may become still as vacuum;
The ether may shiver and scatter;
But I the witness, the infinite Being
Rests in bliss ever the same, never changing.
Like the full-moon shines the Self supreme
Serene and calm like the all-pervading ether;
It pervades everything, nay the very Self of all—
The ultimate Reality without a second.
In It the cardinal points disappear
Transcending ever the three periods of time;
Like an ocean, colourless and odourless is the pure 'Chidakasa'.
In this ocean of joy I swim
Not knowing the beginning and end;

Sometimes I float and sometimes I dive deep,
O! it's all the same, serene and peaceful, the tranquil Self.
A blissful wave swept me off to the Unknown beyond
Above all limitations of mind and fleeting senses;
The darkness of ignorance vanished in a moment—
My whole being turned into limitless brilliance.
The cloud of ignorance is shattered for ever,
The Unseen is seen—the transcendental wonder;
Knowledge and ignorance have no place in me—
I am existence Absolute, neither emptiness nor fullness.
The little 'I' fused into a radiant sun
And floats in the ocean of Satchidananda;
In its boundless ecstasy I fly hither and thither,
O! all is calm and still like the all-pervading sky.
The sleepless sleep, the sleep of Nirvana
Is divisionless and partless, shines in itself by itself.
Beyond all separations and unity,
Time, space and causations.
Asleep I lie, yet awake,
Neither conscious nor unconscious.
Obeisance unto thee, O Self-effulgent one, Sun of suns,
Thou art supreme silence, all-pervading light,
Strange, wondrous and glorious—
My innermost Self, sweeter than the sweetest.
Thou art the Unseen seer and unheard hearer,
The mind of my mind, the Prana of my Pranas;
Beyond all imaginations Thou art
The transcendental peace and bliss.
Like millions of suns resplendent is my Self
Like the full-moon beams cooling and refreshing;

Above all anxieties and ambitions I shine ever pure
Shedding wisdom light in one and all.
All are in Me and I am in all;
All have come from Me and to Me will return all;
Untouched, unaffected witness supreme am I—
The transcendental Siva, the joy of all joys.
I am Siva, the supreme self-existent being;
Nothing exists besides me, in the three periods of time.

I am neither the manifested nor the unmanifested,
Self-shining pure consciousness absolute am I.
From time immemorial I sing the immortal OM;
All that is seen or heard emanates from Me;
The elements gross and subtle,
The sun and the moon and the star-lit sky
Are projected from Me,
And I bear them in my bosom.
These brittle beauties, the virgin Ganga and the snowy Himalayas,
The song of cuckoos and the fruit-bearing branches,
The morning sky with the rising sun, the beauteous spring and smile of roses
Are but the graceful movements of my shadow.
In Me, the blissful Siva, exists not
Night nor day, virtue nor vice;
To Me belong not the enjoyments of this world nor the other;
Pain and pleasure, censure and praise touch not my pure Self;
Above all comprehensions and mathematical abstractions
I shine as existence simple and pure.
O silence supreme, indescribable beauty,

Above positive assertions and negative denials
Shine thou as the Unthinkable, Ungraspable one;
And after thee shines everything else.
Thundering lectures reveal It not;
Scholarly talent makes It not clear;
Beyond all reasonings and intellectual gossips
Reigns supreme, the Infinite Siva.
All desires are fulfilled; All aspirations are over;
And the goal of life is reached.
Lo! I found the Eternal Truth here and now!
It's a royal science, a profound secret,
And a treasure which knows no diminition.
Above all distinctions of caste, colour and creed
Colourless and soundless It shines,
Sexless and pure, It is stable;
The primeval Truth which triumphs for ever
And transcends all limitations of mind, energy and matter.
Criticisms good or bad reach me not,
Censure and honour touch not my self;
Hatred and attachments are far off from me;
Transcending all, yet pervading all, shines the Truth eternal.
The lion of desirelessness is my chariot;
The garments of purity and impurity are thrown off for ever.
Free from all cravings and selfish ambitions
As Light of lights I shine, illuminating all.
The natural bliss which makes one
Bodiless, mindless, homeless and naked,
Which extinguishes the fire of Samsara,
All cares, wants and anxieties
And converts a hell into heaven, pain into bliss—

That taintless imperishable wealth,
The bliss natural is mine for ever.
Welcome friends, weary pilgrims, come,
O shatter and scatter all worldly desires and ambitions

And with a pure resolute will
Enter and enjoy the transcendental thrill.

GREETINGS FROM HEAVEN

It was midnight and darkness pervaded everywhere;
I was wakeful and left alone.
The world around me was snoring,
The sky was clear and stars were twinkling;
Their glaring light sent a message:
It was greeted by my vacant eyes.
The silvery moon-beams were greeting the hills,
Silence crept over the vales;
The nature was still and calm:
It was sleeping in my bosom.
Slowly I began to expand,
My consciousness soared above the heavens;
I clasped the moon and kissed it,
Touched every star and shed a smile;
Their dazzling light I drank
Deep to the heart's content;
I embraced them all and the expansive sky:
Lo! they rest and move within my self.

TRUTH AS REVEALED

The world is like a bed of thorns,
But to me belongs the heavenly throne,
My taintless Divinity without a second
Which knows no decay, death nor end.

Flagrant censures and caustic sarcasms
Fall flat at my feet below;
My ocean of joy surges and storms
And levels down all earthly blows.

The breeze of wisdom tunes my joy,
Cooling and soothing with all heavenly glory:
Dripple, dripple, thou nectarine bliss
Dripple with the music of eternal OM.

O sweet Love, Thou art an enchanting companion;
Thy elegant smile the rose and lotus shed;
Thy beaming beauty the blazing sun spreads,
The horizon paints Thy splendour and charm.

My tears streamed in torrents;
Night and day I thought of Thee
Like a tidal wave of joy Thou crept in me;
The world around me was merged in Thee.

In gloom and despair, days I spent;
The cloud of sorrow marked my failure
Like a valiant hero I faced all privations

And crossed the forest of temptation;
Thou wert my pick-a-back and sole support
Who lifted me out from every pit.

The turbulent death, fierce and dreadful,
Rushed on to crush me down;
Thy graceful glimpses swept it off,
Unto the great Unknown I darted off.

With beams of wisdom supersensual
Thou graced my vision and stilled my reason;
The eternal joy of profound silence
Thus revealed in all its splendour.

My hunger and thirst are quenched for ever,
Thou art my only comfort, my joy, my life;
I am love like dew-drops ever afresh,
My divine joy knows no bounds.

In Thy limitless radiance shines the sun,
The stars twinkle and eyes sparkle;
In Thy bosom revolve the earth and heaven;
Thou art infinite Light without a second.

Thy melodious songs of perennial joy
The cheerful birds sing in ecstasy;
Thou art the source, support and strength of all—
Transcendental bliss unalloyed.

Absorbed in deep contemplation
I sought after Thee craving Thy vision;
Often Thou escaped my grasp,
Sometimes my weary heart caught Thee tight;

With beaming sweetness Thou dwelt in me
Consuming my body, mind and soul;
Perfect solitude I found in Thee,
Thou art transcendental void without a second.

Of what avail are earthly desires,
Paltry pleasures, shallow name and fame?
Down with your heads O flimsy charms:
All degrading attachments and deluding ambitions,
The bubble of body may live and die;
But I renounce for ever pleasures worldly—
Infinite Light is mine in the home of bliss
Where I dance and live rejoicing.

To wander alone in the majesty of silence
Where nectarine peace flows in torrents;
O man, desire this if thou cherisheth any desire,
For herein lies all joy you aspire for.

To seek happiness in the frivolous objects
In the fleeting dreams of sensual filth
Is an utter waste of life's precious chance,
For, God alone is the source of infinite bliss.

In silent mountains and solitary retreats,
In thick crowds and noisy streets
Thou art still, tranquil and peaceful,
Pervading all from within and without.

In the cooling breeze I found my beloved
Singing and dancing with the murmering stream;
Slowly, slowly, He grasped my soul
And plunged deep into the ocean of bliss.

Joy's deepest ecstasy melts in silence,
All ambitions of life end herein.
All longings of heart are flung aside,
In infinite peace life abides.

The happy dawn, my life's day spring
With the sun of wisdom outbroke;
O peace! peace! infinite peace!
Flooding the entire world and heaven.

Heaven and earth are my wings;
In the transcendental joy I leap around;
Tranquil and peaceful, pervading all,
In the hearts of all beings I dwell.

From heart to heart and mind to mind
A fountain of joy rushes around;
This limpid nectar, if tasted once
Will surely cure the fever of ignorance.

In green leaves and tender creepers,
In tiny birds and budding roses,
In silent caves and silvery mountains,
In the whistling wind and tiny fountains,
In the sailing clouds, lightning and thunder,
In the cradle and grave, pain and pleasure
He dances in joy
And all this abides in His glory.

The broad savanna is My carpet,
The black clouds are My blanket;
The twinkling stars adorn My crown;
My sapphires shine beautiful! beautiful!

The radiant rainbow is My painting marvel,
The arch of love where I greet the Beloved,
Shines forth! shines forth! O beautiful!
Godmen taste this drink delightful.

O DEATH!

I am earth, water, fire, air and ether,
Flesh, blood, bone and energy;
I am birth, growth, decay and change,
Matter, energy, mind and soul.

Earthly life is my roasted bread,
Bodily death is my condiment powder.
Let the mortal body vanish now,
Or let it remain till the end of time;
I am unaging, undying eternal Atman,
And bodily change effects me not.

Earth cannot crush Me,
Nor water could wet Me,
Nor fire could burn Me,
Nor air could move Me.

I am solidity in earth, fluidity in water,
The burning power in fire, the vital energy in air:
I am without shadow and without darkness,
Without mouth and without stickiness,
Without air and without space,
Without energy and without voice;
I am secondless consciousness, unborn and eternal;
I fear no death and, dread no end.

The world is My garden
And I am the farmer;

Countless souls are the seeds thrown in it.
And death is the happy harvest.
In the cradle I cry,
In the graveyard I sigh.

My countenance will not shrink,
My voice will not waver;
My Pranas will not depart,
My sight will not flicker.

I can see without eyes and hear without ears,
Speak without tongue and seize without hands,
Think without mind and move without feet,
Sleep in the moon-beams and dazzle with the sun-rays,
Move with the earth and dance with the heavens;
As the beauteous spring, I can shower My greetings,
With the rills and brooks I can murmur My voice;
I can dripple with the dew-drops and drizzle with the wind,
Twinkle in the stars and sparkle in the eyes;
I consume nothing and no one consumes Me.

I AM ALSO HAPPY

Once I was walking along the Ganges shore
Absorbed in God, in deep ecstasy;
Soon I met a man in silk coat, hat and trousers
Watching me in a perplexity.

'Hallo, Swamin!, he exclaimed—
In a little haste he proclaimed
'O tell me why you became a Sannyasin?',
'Is it for happiness?' he continued.
'Then I am also happy'.

I answered, "Brother, just I want to be a man
And so I wish to lead this way of life.

The illusory world and attachments,
All selfish duties, falsehood and cunningness,
Mundane vanities and carnal pleasures—
I found them worthless like a straw.

Worldly wealth, honour and position
Could never bring thy souls's redemption;
Pleasure is but pain in disguise,
It's delusion to call it happiness.

Mundane life like a passing dream
Fades away with the march of time;
Life is worthless if thou knowest not death—
Sheer ignorance worse than death.

But drinking deep the nectar of renunciation,
I flung aside all worldly ambitions;
In the fire of knowledge I set ablaze
All mundane notions, cares and wants.

With the dawn of wisdom, my vision is changed.
And absolute consciousness here I gained.
Lo! I lead a life of love and peace
And my happiness none could pierce".

SUPREME FREEDOM

Within Me move the sun and the moon,
All planets, stars, earth and heaven,
The clouds, lightning and thunder;
Within Me rise, O what a wonder!
Rivers, mountains, meadows and lakes,
Towns, cities, temples and caves,
Men, animals, plants and birds—
All within Me rest revolving.
I am the joyful pilgrim and fatigued labourer,
The peasant, minister, king and emperor;
Starving half-clad I appear
As the poor, hungry and forlorn.
I am the all, the all in all,
The same yesterday, today and forever.
Free, free thou art, one with Me—
Free, free thou art to live or die.

THE BEAUTEOUS SPRING

Come, come, O Joy, my beauteous spring
With thy charm all around spreading,
The hills and vales are drowned in joy
With a golden cover of flowers spray.
The tender creepers entwine one another;
They raise up their heads and watch together
Life's joy and beauty around.
The humming bees are chanting OM
Their canorous music
The roaring river blur.
The banks of lakes and rivers
Are covered with hanging garlands;
In the dazzling sun-rays, they shine beautiful!
Like a fairy child fast asleep,
Sleep the Lily and lotus.
Lo! behold! nature's glorious carpet
Softened by the living spirit;
O proud man! efface thy vanity out.

SONG OF WONDER

How wonderful is the sun!
How wonderful is the moon!
How wonderful are the stars!
How wonderful are the heavens!
Wonderful indeed is the blue sky!
Wonderful is air! wonderful is fire!
Wonderful is the ocean!
Wonderful is the earth!
Wonderful are the mountains and rivers!
Wonderful are the lands and meadows!
Wonderful are the lightning and thunder!
Wonderful are the clouds!
Wonderful are men, animals and birds!
Wonderful is history and civilisation!
Wonderful is evolution!
Wonderful is involution!
Wonderful are the languages and tradition!
Wonderful is art!
Wonderful is music!
Wonderful are the Vedas!
Wonderful are the saints!
Wonderful is birth, wonderful is death!
Wonderful are bondage and liberation!
Wonderful! wonderful! is this glorious creation!
But the wonder of all wonders is the Lord of the creation.

COME, COME, ALL

O east and west
Who are far and near,
O friends and foes,
Saints and sinners,
All are welcome
To the Self kingdom.
No worry here, no fraud,
Nor lust, anger and greed.
It knows no night or day—
Far away from Maya's sway.
The scorching heat
Of Samsaric desert
Can never, never reach here,
Sure, sure, this I assure.
The fleeting objects
Of momentary joys
Will never dare
To step in here.
The burning blaze of lust and anger
Will never, never you will find here.
This greatest wonder
With glory and splendour
Like a radiant sun
Within thee doth shine.
O come, come quick,
Turn within and look
And shine thou as the eternal Lord
In this blessed eternal abode.

MY BEAUTEOUS EMANATION

In the beginning of this creation
When the universe began to evolve
I was, and my warbling voice
Rang aloud with my toys*
When darkness was rolling over darkness
I revealed as the glowing sun;
Calm and tranquil as the shining moon
I appeared in the horizon.
This beauteous emanation
Is my joy's graceful shower.
The deep sea, lakes and rivers,
The blue sky and the silvery peaks,
The green fields and charming valleys
All, in boundless joy I safely keep.
In the rose and jessamine I live smiling;
In the silent mountain I rest sleeping;
The radiant rainbow is My charm,
The evening sky is My countenance.

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*The causal form of the gross world which exists like a dark matrix even before the beginning of creation. It is sound, energy and matter in an undifferentiated state.

SECONDLESS TRUTH

Boundless as space am I
And the phenomenal world is like a jar.

I am like the broad ocean
And the world appearance is like a wave.

I am like the mother-of-pearl
And the world projection is like silver.

I am indeed in all beings
And all beings are in me.

Within me, the boundless ocean, moves
The arc of the universe impelled by nature;

But I am changeless like the sky
And the world exists like a juggler's show.

Neither I reject it nor accept it,
O where and how could I do so?

The self alone exists without a second,
And the world is not different from It.

MY SEA OF MILK

My sea of milk
Foams and bubbles;
All names and forms
Are but ripples.

My waves of beauty
Beat so neatly,
And worlds as spray
Spread far and wide;

In blissful tides
They float to and fro;
In joy Divine,
They smile and shine.

A HAPPY DAWN

It was day-break, and darkness was fading away,
The golden moon began to dim
And the stars stopped twinkling,
The merry birds were singing
And the humming bees flew hither and thither,
The temple bells rang melodious
And the conch shells sounded aloud;
The rose and lotus were awoke,
Slowly they began to smile and look—
Lo! in flocks came their guests
And plunged into their petals.

My soul was stirred and filled with ecstasy;
In gladsome voice I sang His glory.
The rising sun soon began to paint the sky;
With its dazzling light, the world was bathed.
But my countenance sank sadly,
My heart began to beat madly.
O my soul craved for something—
Neither the glittering gold nor the fleeting charms,
Nor any mundane position, name nor fame;
Nor earthly power, beauty, nor honour,
Not anything worldly, nay, never.
But something beyond all earthly shows,
Falsehood, cunningness and shameless lies.
I desired to pat the joyful birds and tiny squirrels,
To smile in joy with the rose and lotus
And to sleep in their soft petals;
To swim in the radiant sun beams

And to embrace the sailing clouds.
My body shocked like a rocket;
My soul in a glance sprang out of it
And melted with the sea of milk.
The fetter of body laid aside
Was felt like a floating twig.
Lo! in cosmic consciousness I dwelt peaceful—
I clasped the sun and drank its rays,
Sang with the birds and smiled with the roses,
Plunged into the lotus and drank its honey;
O! reckless I wandered here and there;
With the dew drops, I glittered for a while,
And in deep intoxication drippled down.
Oh, I abide in this heavenly bliss—
No earthly waves can mar my happiness.

THE STATE OF ABSOLUTENESS

The knots of the heart are rent asunder,
All doubts are removed and actions perished;
The dreadful foes—lust, anger and greed are executed;

I am absolute Truth, effortless and pure;
I have nothing to know, say or do;
Neither in me exist any distraction nor concentration,
Nor I know the conflict of contemplation.
No clouds can mar my vision—
It is unobstructed for ever.
All sorrows are dispelled,
All ambitions are over;
Lo! I abide in absolute bliss!
My wondrous state is indescribable.

POWER OF THE ATOM

Split thou, O tiny atom, split:
The warlords deem thee as a favourite gift.
But split thou at my command, split!,
And radiant energy within Me spread.
Thou can blow up mountains and burn down cities,
But Thou moves in Me and at My command split.
Man is thy master, thy founder;
Thou art nothing but inert matter.
O man, fear not the atoms, but fear your ignorance;
Hatred and jealousy subtler than atoms,
For your ignorance splits you at first
And atoms are split only next.
So, singing this song I will sit
In the hearts of all men and split
The darkness born of hatred and lust
Till pure love flows in their breast.

WORDY WARFARE AND TRUE REALISATION

Wordy warfare with scriptural texts
Is a jugglary of words;
But mine is the realm of effulgence
Which is always filled with nectar.
The ambrosia of blessedness
Flows in my heart for ever.
The parched up heat of sorrow and fever
Are revived by its calmness.
I am devoid of existence and non-existence,
Self-satisfied and free from all desires.
Blown by the wind of the Samskaras,
My body moves about like a dry leaf.
My delight is the Self,
My desire is bliss;
Ever with a serene mind,
Intoxicated in God, I live.
Neither I have any duties nor ambitions undone;
The mortal body serves me as a vehicle.

BLISS OF NIRVANA

The black paws of the wild bear lust are chopped off;
The wild fire anger is put out,
And its dreadful heat-waves blow no more;
The darkness of inertia is wiped out,
And all restless vehemence is purged off;
Lo! crystalline purity reigns supreme,
And on all around exists absolute Freedom.
Nectarine bliss flows like honey—
In its delight, O, mind, cure thy agony.

THE CELESTIAL FOOD AND DRINK

Mine is the delicious nectarine wine,
The intoxicating Supernal bliss Divine;
Mine is the celestial food Manna,
And the Vedas are my leavings.
No wordy debate can bestow this drink,
No scriptural test can disprove its taste;
No Pandit can think or dream of its joy,
Nor speech can ever express its glory.
Mine is the delightful drink of Nirvanic bliss
Which knows no change, decay nor end;
The delightful drink the great Sankara drank
And all saints and seers from the ancient days;
All Gods long to relish this drink—
The celestial drink of Nirvanic bliss.
Hosanna unto this nectar Divine!
O, silence your mind and drink this wine.

I AM ALSO OLD

My hair is black,
But my mind is rendered white.
My teeth are still firm,
But my desires are uprooted.
Humility is my hunchback,
"Brahma Vritti' is my walking stick.
The mortal body is my bag of kit,
And wisdom light is my fire-pit.
My countenance has no wrinkles:
It is ever cheerful.
I have neither family, native land nor name;
I am nameless and formless and the world is my home.
I am not rolling in luxury:
But live in spiritual bliss and joy.
I am older than the oldest,
Ancient, primal and immortal;
I am the great Grand father,
And the fountain of life eternal.

BLISS OFFERINGS

From the heaven above I come
With fresh tidal waves of joy;
*The hungry and forlorn are welcome,
I will clasp them in ecstasy.
From the ocean of silence I come,
Unknown and silent I live;
All weary pilgrims are welcome
In the home of perennial bliss and love.
From the Light of lights I come,
Like a brilliant flash of lightning;
In every heart I will kindle the lamp of wisdom;
In a melodious tune I will sing the music of OM.
From the eternal sunshine I come
With the sweet music of Freedom;
Greetings to those who thirst to come,
Nay, at all times to come.
From the condensed sea of milk I come
Chanting the immortal word OM;
My silvery wings are the starry heavens,
My sparkling eyes are the sun and moon.
As waves of supernal bliss I come
And welcome those who like to come;
Dancing and singing thou may come
To the Self-effulgent glory, never to dim.

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*Those who hunger and thirst for God and have renounced all desires and attachments.

THE GREAT GLORY

Om, Om, Om, like the roaring sea—
The ocean of joy surges and storms.
O, the ocean of bliss thundered aloud:
It was the loudest voice I ever heard.
I wandered in the dazzling scene
And greeted the wondrous vision.
Like a thousand suns got up at once,
Shone forth the ocean of brilliance.
No earthly sound I heard there,
No worldly forms I saw there,
No earthly fire burnt there,
No mundane light shone there.
My speech was hushed into silence,
And not a single word I uttered there.
My mind thought of no objects,
And no earthly events I remembered there.
I knew not the four quarters,
Nor the beginning, middle nor end;
The history of the world past and present
Appeared like a passing moment.
The glittering gold and worldly gains
All mundane glories, name and fame
Were lying waste under my feet
Like a salvage dump or dirty pit.
Hosanna unto this great glory!
My soul abides in this joy.

THE DIVINITY THAT REIGNS SUPREME

O, where are the elements gross and subtle,
body, mind, void and despair?
Where are the scriptures, knowledge and ignorance?
Where is bondage and liberation, I-ness, mineness,
this or that?

Where is contentment or desirelessness,
In Me, the taintless Divinity?

Where is the Prarabdha Karma or liberation in life?
Where is the doer, enjoyer or actionlessness?
Where is thought, meditation and the object meditated?

Where is direct or indirect knowledge
In Me, the Impersonal Divinity?

Where is projection or retraction?
Where is the goal of life, birth or death?
Where is the seeker, success and gain?
Where is the knower and the means of knowledge?—
In Me, the non-dual Divinity?

Where is distraction or concentration?
Where is dullness or delusion, joy or sorrow?
Where is relativity or transcendence, happiness or misery?

Where is attachment or abstinence
In Me, the Absolute Divinity?

Where is action or inaction?
Where are the three states of consciousness or the fourth?

Where is instruction or scriptural injunction?

Mystic

Where is limitation or perfection
In Me, the immutable Divinity?
Where is existence or non-existence?
Where is virtue or vice, love or hatred?
Where is self or non-self, life or death?
Where is distance or proximity, grossness or subtlety
In Me, the glorious Divinity?

SPIRITUAL BLISS

Weary of diverse reasonings and wordy combats,
I bundled up all books and threw them in the Ganges.
The mischievous reason was slowly stilled,
The mystic realm was steadily drilled;
Wisdom Light graced my vision,
And the secret of life was divulged.
Lo! I solved the riddle of life!
And swim in the ocean of spiritual bliss.
I am void, formless, spotless and pure,
Without energy and sound, without beginning and end.
My tranquillity is uncaused;
My vision is undulated,
All worldly riches, name and fame
Lo! hide their heads drooped in shame!

MY HERMITAGE

This universe is my hermitage
All living beings are its inmates;
I keep revolving the wheel of evolution—
Some fall behind and few go ahead;
Ministers, presidents, dictators and generals
Do carry out My will;
Sanghs, Samajams, Societies and missions
All work out my wishes;
The nature's glorious garden—
The majestic Himalayas is my Satsang hall.
In the silvery moon-beams
Motionless, I lie sleeping,
With the murmering brooks I live playing.
I console the sorrowful and the weeping
And fill My joy in the lily and rose.
The hemisphere is My forehead,
The sun and the moon are My eyes.
The shining and dark paths
Are My eyebrows—light and shadow.
Whispering My voice in every heart,
Shedding wisdom light in every intellect,
I will work through all, unknown and silent
And promise here a golden age
Of peace, plenty and prosperity.

THE GODHEAD OF MAN

I am eternal silence; my name is silence.
I am condensed bliss; my food is bliss.
I am radiant light; my form is light.
I am divine nectar; my colour is white.
My body simple and pure like the ether;
My voice like the continuous rumble of a thunder,
My tongue like the all consuming fire;
My drink like the oceans put together.
O! what is existence or non-existence?
What is duality or oneness?
I am secondless glory, self-effulgent Light;
My radiant beauty is always bright.
God, God, thou art O, men, awake and behold;
God, God, thou art O, birds, sing in chorus;
God, God, thou art O, plants, grow in delight;
God, God, thou art O, rocks, sleep in joy.
God alone was, God alone is,
And God alone will be, I know nothing else.

ONE EVENING

The sun was sinking in the western horizon:
It was brilliant like a heated golden vessel.
The sky was painted with a golden hue;
The green paddy fields and mango groves,
The grassy plains and thick forests
Were swimming in the golden halo.
A clear rainbow decorated the eastern sky
And the virgin Ganga streamed in the middle.
I was lying on her sandy shore,
My eyes were wide open, and a thrilling joy
stirred my heart;

A dazzling light filled my frame,
Slowly, slowly, it grew bigger and bigger,
And the beauteous nature sank in this light.
Lo! the sun felt ashamed to gaze at It
And the rainbow fainted in Its presence;
The Ganges appeared meek and modest
And the delighting nature slept in its joy;
The heaven and earth were floating in It,
And the sun was glittering like a glow-worm;
No leaves were moving, no birds flew;
The wind was still, no sound I heard:
Lo! the sun disappeared and darkness gathered
around,

But the Light of Lights shone for ever.

SONG OF BLISS

Mine is the joy of Self Kingdom,
My treasure is imperishable wisdom,
My kingdom, no enemy can conquer,
My treasure, no thief can plunder.
Supreme contentment and self-delight
Within me shine ever bright;
I scream with laughter and scoff
At mundane name, fame and riches.
Self-centred, calm and blissful
I abide in the inner self eternal.
Universal love is my eternal being;
My food is the bliss of oneness feeling.
Self-shining, self-existent joy am I—
Lord of the universe, absolutely free.

CONQUEST OF DEATH

The bubble of the blinding ego was pricked--
Unto the great Monad, it was slowly merged;
Lo! the valley of the shadow of death*
I have converted into a wreath.
The tree of ignorance was uprooted,
And the purpose of life was carried out;
It was the greatest gain, the greatest wealth
Wherein established, I scoffed at death.
Many great emperors fainted in the gulp of death,
Sighed in ignorance, sobbed and slept;
Many valiant heroes of chivalrous deeds, name and fame

Were swept away by the waves of time.
But a few heroes conquered here
The formidable enemy-passion;
Lo! victory adorn them for ever,
And eternity is their gain.

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*Great affliction.

I AM SECONDLESS BLISS

I am bliss, absolute, secondless bliss;
I am life above light and darkness.
O what shall I renounce and what shall I retain?
With what shall I see and what to be seen?
All, all I am and all within me contain;
Above night and day as light I shine.
Like thousands of suns risen together—
Limitless brilliance is shed around;
My heavenly waves slowly gather
And greet the starry heavens.
My cup is full to the brim,
My lamp of wisdom never dim.
Virtue and vice, knowledge and ignorance
Are upward and downward motions;
All worldly learnings, titles and riches
Are but the mirage in my rays.

BLISSFUL BEING

I sank in the infinite milky sea;
My strength was the feeling of 'Aham Brahmasmi'*
I melted, slowly melted and sank,
And nectar divine to the hearts content drank.
The world of waves and bubbles I never saw,
Nor any troubles were around me;
The little spark was thus dissolved
And shone as the Unknown beyond.
O light! light! infinite light!
Blissful conscious self-delight;
All were full within and without,
Without beginning, middle or end;
All were pure condensed bliss,
Calm and still, above light and darkness.
Neither noise nor weeping I heard there—
It was silence, deep silence, perfectly clear;
No sun, no stars and no fire shine there.
Self-effulgent Lord alone triumphs over there;
No night, no day, nor cold or heat—
All were blended in consciousness Absolute,
Mind was spell-bound and speech was fainting;
O! who could describe the blissful being?

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*'Aham Brahmasmi' is the famous Brahmakara Vritti of mind accompanied by 'Samyag Darshan' which expands the individual ego and enables the experience of cosmic consciousness. It burns down ignorance or the veiling power which obstructs the vision of the Self. It is also known as 'Madhu Jnana' as it bestows the divine nectar.

I AM EXISTENCE ABSOLUTE, KNOWLEDGE ABSOLUTE AND BLISS ABSOLUTE

Neither home nor parents, nor land nor wealth
Ever had I, the blissful mirth;
Without beginning and end, without day and night
I reign as infinite Light;
I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute and
Bliss Absolute.

No friends, no foes, no kith, no kin,
No good, no bad, no virtue, no sin;
Ever I behold but the secondless One;
I cherish no desire, nor I have any duties undone.
Existence absolute, Knowledge absolute and
Bliss absolute am I, am I.

The universe is my body,
All names and forms are like waves and ripples
in the sea;
Birth and death, bondage and liberation have no
meaning to Me;
Evolution and involution, creation and destruction
have no place in Me;
Changeless and taintless is my Self—free from all
notions,
I am Existence absolute, Knowledge absolute and
Bliss absolute.

The crescent moon is My ring,
The radiant sun is the jewel in My crown,
The starry firmament is My stadium,
The snow-clad Himalayas are My foot prints.

Mystic

I am Existence absolute, Knowledge absolute and
Bliss absolute.
From the fragrance of my Self, blossoms out
Countless stars, the sun and moon;
I make them move in harmony
With the eternal Om a symphony.
I am Existence absolute, Knowledge absolute and
Bliss absolute.

I plunged deep in the ocean of Bliss,
And arose with the jewel of wisdom.
The worldly waves, ripples and whirl-pools
Can never, never inflict me;
I weigh them in the balance of time,
Hold them a while and again leave the hold.
I am Existence absolute, Knowledge absolute and
Bliss absolute.

I am the imperishable tree of Life Divine,
All living beings are its flowers,
Saints and seers are its fruits;
In infinite bliss I relish them all.
I am self-effulgent secondless radiance—
Existence absolute, Knowledge absolute and
Bliss absolute.

The transcendental void with showers of nectar
Is my eternal dominion;
The cardinal points vanish in Its majesty,
Countless worlds sparkle in It like glow-worms.
Transcending ever the transient phenomena I shine;
I am Existence absolute, Knowledge absolute and
Bliss absolute.

When the black clouds of my glory meet,
Covering all seas and lands,
They will roar and roar in madness;

Flashes of radiance will be spread around—
Lo! mighty empires will be powder-crushed,
Millions of worlds will be reduced to dust,
Mountains I'll crack and the oceans I'll suck up,
And the earth will be reduced to ashes;
The sun will be dimmed and the winds will be stilled,
The mirage of names and forms will be vapourised;
Strange and fierce I will march at the end of time,
O! It's a profound mystery unrevealed.
I am fluidity in water, the solidity in earth;
The burning power in fire, the life-principle in air;
The eternal substance that nourishes all lives;
The cosmic powers and all heavenly bodies,
The tree, herb, the bird and the animal,
Lover, beloved, the lotus and rose,
The sparrow and nightingale, the squirrel and tiger,
The crawling ant and the proud emperor,
Kings, commanders, ministers and presidents,
The learned and pious, the sinful and virtuous,
The hero and the coward, the saint and the sinner,
All, All I am, the indweller, immortal essence.
I am existence absolute, Knowledge absolute and
Bliss absolute.

Mystic

DANCE OF JOY

Dance, dance, thou O soul, dance in joy;
Dancing and singing, live in joy.
Dance, thou O stars, my playful toys;
Dancing and smiling, in my bosom move!
O in many lives, many a time,
Many of my bodies were reduced to dust;
But today, the darkest grave is turned brilliant
Where I behold nothing but radiant light.
When emperors, dictators and presidents
Fall down like withered leaves,
When nations vanish and oceans disappear,
And the earth is reduced to powder,
Laughing and smiling, I will shine
And stand alone as the Absolute Divine;
I'll shine, I'll shine, like the full-moon beams
That fall on the Himalayan snows.

I AM SUCH AN UNTOUCHABLE

I am void and pure, soundless and touchless,
Devoid of forms, static and spotless;
I am the ancient, unborn untouchable;
My name is the great absolute Divine.

I am light, colour and sound,
And the nucleus centre in every atom,
The web of space-time and unit-events;
Nay, the light in the heart of all scientists.

I am space between the tiny atoms,
Electrons, neutrons and protons;
The speed of the revolving electrons
And the energy released by atoms.

I transcend the realm of senses and mind;
Ungraspable through mathematical equations,
Infinite, unconditioned and eternal,
Within and without all beings, I dwell.

Untouched by earth, wind and ocean,
Untouched by fire, planets and sun,
Untouched by gods, demi-gods and men
This untouchable reigns as Absolute Divine.

Where there is no sound,
This untouchable sings;
Where there are no forms
This untouchable shines.

Mystic

Where there are no sights,
This untouchable sees;
Where there is no motion,
This untouchable rests.

Where there are no stars,
This untouchable sparkles;
Where there is no space,
This untouchable rambles.

The east and west, friend and foe,
The mystic, philosopher, saint and sinner,
Tho earth, planets, stars and heavens,
All, before this untouchable loose their forms.

The Hindus, Sikhs, Christians and Muslims,
Jews, Parsis, Budhists and Jains,
The Dwaitins, Adwaitins, Pandits and fools,
The tree, herb, man and woman,
The child, parrot, lily and lotus,
The rose, jessamine, cloud and rainbow,
All, before this untouchable
Are turned into the Absolute Divine.

Like a thousand suns blaze out at once,
Shines the realm of absolute Divine.
Above light and shadow, colour and sound,
This untouchable shines and shines.

THE HEAVEN HERE AND NOW

Mine is the kingdom of God for ever,
All things to me are divine;
I rest in the thrill of silence,
My cushion is the heavenly delight;
The charm of the shining rainbow
Is the content of my heart;
Its colours—crimson, blue and gold
Are my joys radiant blending;
In all the birds that are singing,
In all the fair roses that bloom,
In the cooling breeze of the dawn,
In the silver-linings of the clouds,
My soul is lost in rapture;
My senses are lost in sight.
This is the heaven of rejoicing,
This is the heaven here and now.
No earthly waves of sorrow nor pain
Can keep this joy away from me.

VOICE OF SILENCE

I

I watched the cloud and wanted it to speak;
It laughed and rumbled aloud
And burst forth into a shower
Which gave life to the rushing river.
I watched the mountain, and wanted it to speak;
I heard the relentless murmer of her fountain,
Saw the purity of her snow,
And the twinkling stars above her peak.
I watched the orchard, and wanted it to speak:
It flowered and brought forth fruits.
I watched the budding rose and wanted it to speak:
It bloomed and greeted me with a smile.

II

I ask thee O sun! answer me well—
Who has ordered thee to shed radiant rays?
I ask thee, O moon! answer me well—
Who has made thee so cooling and soothing?
I ask thee, O heavens! answer me well—
Who has ordered the stars to rotate?,
And the earth to revolve?
I ask you, O man! answer me well—
Who has given you power to think?
And a heart to love?
I ask you, O bird! answer me well—
Who has made you so happy and gaily?
I ask you, O rock! answer me well—

Who has made you inert and silent?
I ask thee, O saint! answer me well—
Who has made thee a fountain of light?
I ask thee, O mind! answer me well—
Who has made thee to sing this song?

TEARS OF LOVE

Two men with pitchers in their hands
Entered my compound in a pleasant mood;
One of them, in a humble voice said:
"Swami, we want some water,
So, please oblige us with the same;
We are low-born untouchables,
And we can't pollute your well".
"Friends", I exclaimed,
"I too am an untouchable,
Strange, glorious and immutable;
Without the taint of plural notions
And abide in equal vision.
Therefore be ye cheerful
And you may yourself fill the pitchers;
The water of my well is fresh,
It quenches the thirst of one and all,
Cleanses all alike and knows no distinction."
Their beaming smiles greeted my words,
Their faces turned radiant with joy,
Their looks were kind and loving,
And their sweetness was guileless.
Lo! something crept in my heart,
Tears gathered in my eyes and trickled down,
Not sorrow, agony nor despair which made me lament—
But Lord love who whispered to me from within.

GOD'S LOVE

He is the rose in the garden
And the lily of the vales;
As the lily among thorns
Is His love in this world.
As the apple tree in the wood
Is God in this world.
Delight is His shadow,
Sweetness is His taste.
He has given me the chariot of life
And the banner of love;
The treasure of wisdom,
And the palace of His kingdom;
He has shown me the path of righteousness
And the pathway to blessedness.

THE FOUNT OF MARVELS

Were I given a million tongues
Instead of one,
I would proclaim a million times
That the absolute Lord is one.
He is the content of my heart,
His sublime love never parts.
O count not life in terms of worldly gains;
But join with Him always in unison,
Ascend to the imperishable divine mansion
Which is the longing of angels in heaven.
The hemisphere is His salver,
The sun and the moon are His eyes;
The galaxy of stars
Adorn His crown;
Lightning is His laughter,
His voice is the thunder,
The rainbow is His necklace,
His garland is the forest flowers.
O man, all your life, in joy, full to the brim,
With all thy heart, cling alone to Him;
Now, stand in rapture calm and still
And greet the great fount of marvels.

LOOK ABOVE

When I look at the sky above, I forget the world;
All vanities of life, cares and wants,
All confusions, deceptions and delusions
Fade away from my remembrance.
My soul is lifted to the realm of silence,
My whole being converted into bliss and peace.
Lo! I fasten my soul with the Truth
Which is the source of my inspiration and source of all beings.

His divine love fills my heart,
His infinite power strengthens my will;
His supreme bliss enraptures my soul;
His radiant beauty captures my mind.
I love the moon-light, the cooling breeze,
The calmness of night,
The Song of birds and the hemisphere with countless stars;

Above all, the rapture of loneliness
In my solitary Himalayan home;
Than the city's alarm and activity,
Artificial shows, beauties and charms,
Man-made mansions and other vain glories—
For, I regard them as sheer vanities.
O! He forgets the everlasting heavenly world
Who looks into the mortal world befooled.

SLEEPLESS SLEEP

I slept calmly, with all sweetness slept—
The sleep that knew nothing but the Self;
My form was like a sea of milk;
I was alone and clasped the Self by the Self,
My voice was like the ocean's roar
Which sounded aloud over and over.
I sought, I saw, I entered,
And the realm of silence was conquered.
O! no more the icy hands of death
Will ever dare to stop my breath.
Exult, O soul, and dance in ecstasy
In the sleepless sleep lies thy victory.

CHAPTER TWO

HE IS AND HE ALONE IS

Here He is, here and now;
Far and near He is and wherever you move;
Everywhere He is, in every speck and corner,
And He sleeps in thy heart's inner chamber.
In front and back, above and below,
In east and west, north and south
He alone is and verily all that you hear and see,
Smell, taste and feel are nothing but He.
If thou hath eyes, yet see Him not—
Verily thou hath become blind;
If thou hath ears and hear Him not—
Verily thou hath become deaf.
With the mind none could know Him
Who is the mind of mind.
In every bosom He breaths in rythm,
In every heart He sings the resonant OM.
With the wind He blows from yonder seas
And sails along with the clouds;
The lands, meadows and distant mountains,
Rivers, vales, cities and towns;
The tiny sparrow, squirrel and parrot—
He pats them all with His soothing touch;
In the golden spring He spreads sweet fragrance,
In the rose and lily, He dwells smiling;

Mystic

In the milky moon beams He rests sleeping,
In the heart of Yogins, He is infinite light.
Here he is and at all time to come,
In every age, nay, in every moment,
In past, present and future,
He is and He alone is.

HE IS IMMANENT AND TRANSCENDENT

He has hands and feet everywhere,
All around He has faces, eyes and ears;
He is motionless, yet far and near
He stands encompassing all.

He is the Lord of all, immanent and transcendent,
Ungraspable, unthinkable and stable;
Touchless, soundless and tasteless,
Higher than the high, constant and formless.
He moves, yet moves not;
Within and without all He exists.

He is greater than the greatest,
Yet subtler than the subtlest
Where the senses, mind and speech reach not
But hush into silence, spellbound.

Hidden in the depths of all hearts He dwells—
Unfathomable and concealed, unborn and eternal.
He is the great primeval Lord of all,
Unattached, yet supporting all.

He is immortal and fearless;
He devours and generates;
Undivided, yet exists as if divided in beings,
He is the supporter and source of all beings.

He is unaging, undying eternal Truth
Without origin, without energy and without caste,

Mystic-

He is the highest of all achievements,
The fountain source of life and light.

He is full without a beginning and end,
Peaceful and blessed, without a second.
Life without this joy is a life of ignorance,
Life without this light is lived in darkness.

GLORY OF GOD'S NAME

God's name is sacred,
God's name is profound,
God's name is sweet,
God's name is our support.

His name is OM,
His form is OM,
His body is OM,
His glory is OM.

Sing His name in joy—
You will enter into ecstasy;
Sing His name with a pure mind—
He will become your eternal friend.

He dwells in all beings,
Without Him exists nothing;
He is thy body, mind and soul;
He stands pervading all.

He is your mother and father,
Friend, sister and brother;
He is your ruler and master—
Nay, all that you see and hear.

He is nameless and formless;
He is beginningless and endless.
He is immortal and fearless,
Unborn, static and partless.

Mystic

He alone knows what He is,
But He reveals Himself to those
Who seek Him with pure devotion,
Dispassion, renunciation and discrimination.

Construct in your heart a mansion
Of true love, purity and innocence;
Adore Him there in unison,
And feel everywhere His presence.

The high and low, saint and sinner,
Men and women, birds and animals,
The wind and fire, plants and minerals.
All in His love are turned Divine.

SONG OF A SANNYASIN

O unborn God of earth and heaven,
Reveal Thyself unto me.
O Lord who shines above all conceptions,
Reveal Thyself unto me.

Some declare Thee as 'existence',
Others designate Thee as 'non-existence';
Few describe Thee as 'existence non-existence',
And the materialists designate Thee as 'nothingness'.

Scholars deem Thee above existence and non-existence
And enter into endless discussions;
But Thou hath revealed unto me face to face
As the Self of my Self, shedding Thy grace.

I shall praise Thee with a thousand tongues,
I shall behold Thee with a thousand eyes,
I shall embrace Thee with a thousand hands,
I shall love Thee with a thousand hearts.

Let the joys of earth come and go,
And the waves of sorrow move to and fro;
Life or death, I care for nothing
For, I found shelter under Thy wings.

O Lord, Thou art the apple of my eyes,
Warmth in my body and power in my speech;

Mystic

Thou art the very light in my heart
Which controls the life forces, Prana and Apana.

Only birds can know their path in the sky;
Likewise, my heart alone knows Thy supreme joy.
It is hard indeed for all to obtain Thy vision,
Yet, Thou revealeth unto those who seek Thee alone.

THE GOAL OF LIFE

Hidden in the hearts of all beings He dwells,
He is the power of senses, thought and will;
This universe is an expression of His glory,
And it exists supported by His energy.

He impels the nature to create
And the earth to revolve;
He has ordered the sun to stand
And command the stars to rotate.

He is the magnetic force in planets,
The radiant energy and cosmic rays,
The soul of man which thinks and knows,
Stays in the body, enjoys and departs.

He is Purushothama or the supreme Self
Who transcends the perishable and the imperishable.
He is the one in many and the many in one,
The unborn God of earth and heaven.

He is the ignorant man entangled in the body
Who seeks the Eternal in external objects;
He is faith, wisdom, vigour and memory,
And the line of cleavage between bondage and liberation.

He stands brilliant like a thousand suns;
He is the Self-shining Light of all lights,

Motionless and free from all taints;
Shines the infinite God of countless worlds.

O man! if you choose the good,
Seek Him then, thy beloved God;
Instead, if you choose the pleasant,
Alas! you waste life in a pretence.

VISION OF THE LORD

The Lord is one without a second,
without beginning, middle or end;
All names and forms
Are His divine charms.

He is the source, the strength of all —
The indivisible existence whole.
Pervading all He exists,
In Him the phenomenon rests.

Past, present and future,
Time, space and causations,
Creation, protection and dissolution
Exist only in the sphere of imagination.

When the mental waves are stilled
And the glory of Self is revealed,
Thou wilt stand aghast
And thy colour will be milky white.

MY ABODE OF SWEETNESS

O Lord, even if I take the vault of heaven,
And hold it as a pitcher
I will not be able to measure
The infinite ocean of Thy nectar;
Even if I call all the winds,
I will not succeed in fanning Thee;
Even if I empty out the entire oceans,
I will not succeed in bathing Thy body;
Even if I light up all the earthly lights,
I cannot make Thy form visible;
Even if I turn the earth into a mat,
I cannot make a seat for Thee.

Thou art the Brahman of the Upanishads,
The Atman of Vedantins,
The nectar enjoyed in trance,
And Brahma Nirvana of Jnanins.
Saivites worship Thee as Lord Siva,
Vaishnavites adore Thee as Vishnu;
Thou art the Brahman extolled in 'Karma Kanda',
Ahura Mazda of Parsis and the Anal Haq of Sufis,
The Jehova of Jews and Allah of Muslims;
Thou art the Father, Son and Holy ghost,
Brahman, Ishwar and Para Shakti,
The Immortal "I" of Socrates,
The Oversoul of Western thinkers,
The Dharma kaya Sareera of Buddhists,
The Kaivalya Moksha of Yogins,

The silence and spiritual bliss of Tao,
The moral uprightness and love of Confucius,
The void of Atheists,
The Shakti worshipped by Tantriks.
And idols worshipped in temples.

Thou preached in Jerusalem and cleansed the sins of the world,
Suffered on the cross for the sake of others
And prayed in a tender voice—
"Father, they know not what they do, forgive them!*.
Thou ran in exile from Mecca to Medina
And preached the gospel of one Brotherhood;
Thou wert the helmsman in the battle of Mahabharat,
Thou converted Thyself into tormenting death
And crushed the great armies;
Thou wert the darling of Devaki and the delight of Gopis;
Thou danced on the Jamna banks,
Played on the flute and sang the divine Gita;
Thou wert the unique master Sankara, the terror to opponents,
The greatest mystic and philosopher the world has ever seen;
Thou wert the great wielder of arms—
The exemplary Ram who destroyed Ravan;
Thou wert the ferocious Narasimha
Who incarnated on earth to save Prahlad;
Thou wert the enchanting Vaman
Who measured the earth with his foot;
Thou wert the uplifter of the poor-Sat Guru Narayan
Who preached the gospel of 'one caste, one religion and one God for man;

Thou wert the blessed Buddha and ascetic Mahavir,
The saintly hero Vivekananda and angelic Ram Tirth;
Thou wert Kabir, Tulsidas, and Guru Nanak,
Nay, all the great Saints and seers of the world.
I adore Thee in all these forms
And abide in Thee, O sweetness, for ever.

PRAYER TO GOD

Let me die a thousand times,
But let me remember Thee always.
Let me die a thousand times,
But let me be absorbed in Thee always.
Let me be put to untold sufferings,
But let my heart ever delight in Thee.
Bless those who carp and cavil at me;
Bless those who do harm to me.
O, let me not forget Thee even for a moment
And let Thy grace flow in torrents.
Thou art my soul's refuge, guide and light;
I desire nothing but Thy heavenly delight.
I feel humbler than a blade of grass,
And give salutations even to an ant.
I know nothing but Thy infinite will,
And Thy presence in every speck and corner.
Fill my heart with crystalline purity and innocence.
And let me play with Thee in silence.
O Lord, Thou art the ocean and I am the river,
Thou art the Sun and I am the ray,
In the transcendental joy and wonder
Let me triumph with Thee for ever and ever.

BOONS FROM GOD

For my body Thou hath given tasteless bread,
For my soul, the delicious Ambrosia;
Thou hath sweetened my speech
And softened my heart.
Thou hath cleansed my mind
And drossed off all impurities;
Thou hath illumined my intellect
With supersensual wisdom;
Thou hath given me the mystic eye
Of spiritual intuition and infinite awareness.
I can not praise Thee,
For thou art my speech of speech;
I cannot praise Thee,
For, Thou art my life of life;
O, let me be born a thousand times,
And let me be born as an untouchable.

O LOVE, LISTEN!

O Love, Thy silent steps I can hear:
Can Thou close my ears?

Thy soothing touch I can feel:
Can Thou escape my feelings?

My mouth will ever sing Thy praise:
Can Thou ever close it?

I behold Thy infinite form:
Can Thou dim my vision?

Thou murmur in my mind:
Can Thou stop Thy voice?

Thy fountain of joy flows in my heart:
Can Thou stop its flow?

I enjoy Thy beaming smile:
Can Thou reduce its sweetness?

I behold Thy ineffable glory and splendour:
Can Thou mar my vision?

In infinite joy I clasp Thee to my bosom:
Can Thou elude my grasp?

I put these simple questions to Thee:
Can Thou keep silence?

O the fountain of Light is found!
O death, where is thy sting?

THE GLORY OF GOD

O Infinite Lord of earth and heaven
Adorations unto thee again and again.
If thou do not existeth
Never shall I be able to exist;
Nor the plants, birds, animals and men,
Nor the earth, ocean, air, fire and ether—
Nay, nothing will ever exist without thee.
If Thou do not existeth
Neither my mind will be able to think,
Nor my mouth will utter any words,
Nor I will write these verses,
Nor my eyes will see things,
Nor my ears will hear any sound,
Nor my tongue will relish any flavour,
Nor my nose will smell any odour.
If Thou do not existeth,
Neither my heart will be able to beat,
Nor my blood will flow in the veins,
Nor the muscles of the body will move,
Nor the hands will be able to seize,
Nor the feet will be able to move;
If Thou do not existeth
Neither the earth will revolve,
Nor the wind will blow,
Nor the fire will burn,
Nor the clouds will rain,
Nor the sun will shine,
Nor the stars will twinkle,

Nay nothing will ever change without Thy command
Thou art the greatest scientist,
For, Thou governeth the universe through scientific
laws.

Thou art the greatest mathematician,
For, Thy creation functions with mathematical
certainty.

Thou art the greatest artist,
For, this wonderful universe is Thy marvellous
painting.

Thou art light and intuition
For, Thou revealeth supra-rational knowledge
through saints.

Thou art a master musician,
For, Thou rolleth in Raga and Raginis,
And Thou art the very sweetness and melody in
them.

Thou art a master dancer,
For, Thou danceth with multi-universes,
And the cycles are Thy silent steps.
Thou art the delight of Yogins,
The Vision of Bhaktas and Swarupa of Jnanins.
Thou art the cheerful bird;
The tiny ant and the busy bee.
From generation to generation [world:
Thou liveth in the form of man and ruleth this
Thou art culture, tradition and civilization;
Thou art the gardener and the world is Thy garden;
Thou art the snow-capped Himalayas,
Thick forests and green fields,
The smiling rose and sleeping lotus;
And the beauteous-spring is Thy garland.
Thou art the maker of history.

As well as the eraser of it,
The creator and the sustainer,
The womb and the supporter.
Thou art life as well as the consuming fire ,
Time as well as its destroyer.
Thou art the atom, electron and neutron
And the power produced by machines.
This wonderful universe is Thy miracle,
And Thou art the blessed Oracle.
Infinity is Thy sphere;
Brilliance is Thy colour;
Silence is Thy name,
Bliss is Thy fame.
Thou art the great Seer;
Thou knoweth Thyself by Thyself;
Thou resembleth a great wilderness
Where exists nothing but absolute loneliness,
Silence, oneness and supreme blessedness;
Thou art the craving of my soul and happiness;
Thou art the supreme Brahman, the supreme abode,
Supreme purifier, Divine Purusha and Unborn God;
Omnipresent and source of all beings,
Ruler of the world and Lord of all beings.
Thou art the goal and the supporter,
The Lord, the witness and the Shelter;
The friend, the origin and dissolution;
The treasure-house and the foundation.
Thou art the father of this world and the mother;
The dispenesr of fruits of actions and Grandfather;
The Vedas and the one thing to be known,
Omniscient, ancient and the eternal Brahman.
Without foot or hand Thou art swift and a seizer;
Thou seeth without eyes and heareth without ears;

Thou knoweth everything and the ruler of Immortality;
Thou standeth encompassing all; Thy abode is eternity.

Thy form is unthinkable,
Thy joy is inexpressible;
Thy treasure-house is inexhaustible;
Thy mystery is inexplicable.

Thy abode is exceedingly sweet
Full of joy, bliss and Light;
Thou art of universal form;
Nature spreads Thy beauty and charm.

As the Sun in the sky,
The vital air in the atmosphere,
The guest in the house, in man, in broad space,
Born in cattle and born in water,
Thou existeth facing every direction.
Thou art soundless
And Thy abode is silence.

Thou art the Imperishable and knoweth no decline;
Thou art stable and knoweth no change.

Effulgence is Thy body,
Thy name is great glory.

I gazed at the sun and found Thee dazzling in its rays,
Looked at the moon and found Thee swimming in its beams;

I watched the rill and found Thee playing,
I touched the rose and found Thee smiling;
I wandered from place to place
And found Thee everywhere like the infinite space;
I lived in solitary caves, Lo! Thou wert there!

I climbed on the mountain peaks, Lo! Thou wert
there!
I walked through dense forests, Lo! I found Thee
dancing around me!
I stilled my mind and found Thee as my very Self
When men will be able to roll the ether
As if it were a piece of leather,
Then there will be an end of evil,
Without knowing Thy glory and grandeur.
Verily God alone is the fountain of supreme bliss,
Everything else is wretched—mere tickling of the
senses.
Pervading all, without beginning and end.

O LORD I SEEK THEE ALONE

When I saw the shallow nature of earthly life,
The vastness of its joys, the vastness of its sorrows,
And man floating on its surface like a straw,
O Lord, O Lord, I sought Thee alone.
When all earthly things lost their charm,
And mundane life dazzled like a dream,
None was with me, save Thee.
O Sweetness, with all my heart, I seek Thee alone.
From place to place I went and enquired;
No books, no saints could answer me well.
But Thy voice I heard from within—
O Silence, I adore Thee alone.
When the evils of the world in all its nakedness
Stood up and shot piercing arrows,
Thou wert my shield, strength and shelter;
Lo! I fought bravely and left unhurt.
O Eternal Glory, I'll seek Thee alone.
Let the moments of life flame out and fade away,
And the events of the world vanish one by one;
Let day and night, joy and sorrow come one after another,
But, O changeless Truth, I'll behold Thee alone.

THE GREATNESS OF GOD

The clouds of ignorance were shattered:
The greatness of God was beheld—
Earth in this vision was reduced to an ant-hill,
The mighty oceans to a tiny drop;
Cosmic fire was turned as sparks,
The wind like the breath exhaled,
The blue sky appeared as a hole;
Gods, demi-gods, emperors and dictators
Were reduced to playful toys.
By His will sprang forth the universe;
In Him it exists and finally dissolves;
By His command the cycles rotate
With the heavenly bodies, stars and planets;
By His will the earth and heaven stand apart,
And so do oceans from the land stay apart.
The sun and moon shine by His light,
So do the stars and earthly lights.
Glory unto God's profound mystery;
Yet to man belongs all this glory.

CHAPTER THREE

CREATION

The wind blew not then,
Nor there shone the glowing sun;
There were neither men nor nations,
Nor the trace of world's history.
The stars, planets and the celestial regions
Were not there—nay, nothing that is seen here.
There was not the revolving earth:
Then how can there be the four quarters?
There was neither impulse nor force,
Nor the waves of the primal vibrations;
There was neither time nor space,
Nor the splitting atoms, nor the radiant rays.
Secondless Truth alone was there—
It stood alone as Existence simple and pure.
It knew itself, perceived itself
And shone as the fount of marvels.
Then who can know it for certain
When and how this creation has arisen?
And who can describe it—for even the gods
Were born after the world's creation.

A FAIRY ISLAND

O, weary pilgrim, traveller dear,
Come, come, yonder is an island;
The soothing breeze of peace and joy
Ever flows there in blissful torrents;
The burning heat of likes and dislikes
Will never, never, torment thee there—
Sure, sure, this I assure.
O, seek not joy in the frivolous objects,
Nor delight in mortal forms;
All mundane charms are fleeting;
Earthly joys vanish like a dream.
Pride of wealth and learning,
Name, fame and mundane cravings
Will be wiped out at a single stroke
By the dreadful death, O, beware!
Renouncing all longings for worldly pleasures,
The little ego and other paltry desires,
Feeling one with the entire existence,
Melt thy heart in the cosmic Beauty
And Lo! behold the fairy island—
The land of lasting love, light, and peace.
Rains of bliss ever shower there;
And the delicious nectar thou will relish there.

THE PANORAMA OF LIFE

The innocence of childhood,
Its joy and delight in God
Veiled by the cloud of ignorance
Sinks in the unintelligent world.

The radiant splendour of youth
Is filled with sensations sweet;
Lo! the soul that has to find harmony and peace in God
Lies intoxicated in the transcient things of the world.

All the sentiments that make the world
So sweet, Pleasant and joyful
Fade away like the shooting star;
And forgetfulness grows grosser and grosser.

Buffetted by pleasure and pain, the body wearer enters further
In the slough of old age, disease, decay and terror
Where he lies like a worn-out garment,
Filled with worries that make him lament.

All the glorious gifts of heaven
Are spent for fleeting pleasures and sin!
But a few thoughtful men; wakeful always,
Ever grow in innocence and cautiously keep their pace;

Mystic

And their souls are made quiet by the power
Of harmony, peace and bliss in God

Our death is but a long sleep and a forgetting—
A fresh chance to enter the bloom of innocence;
Therefore grieve not, rather find faith
That looks through the veil of death.

BLESSED HIMALAYAS

With sacred rivers, vales and giant mountains,
Deep abysses, cliffs and tiny fountains,
Rills, brooks and silvery peaks,
Temples, springs and holy lakes,
The Himalayan flora and founa, saints and sages
Shine as the soul of earth from the ancient days,
Greeting those who seek the beauties yonder
And desire to sport in the realm of wonder.

Ganges pure and sublime, purifying all
In boundless joy leaps and jumps, and flows in torrents.
Decorated by garlands of flowers, bees and birds,
Silent caves, cliffs and sandy beds
And countless rocks on either sides
Sleeping soundly as if sunk in deep contemplation
Shine her banks, trodden by monks in orange robes.

Men who saw mundane life, its joys, charms and sweetness
Its agonies, anguish and relentless bitterness,
And turned Godward to seek the Real—the Truth Divine
Ramble here, panting to behold the mystic dawn.

They suffer bodily woes, but seek the vision splendid,
Renounce earthly life—the unreal life that appears as if real,

Mystic

And challenge death and pierce its darkness
To find the light, the Truth—the Supreme bliss.

* * *

Science is baffled that it cannot explain the experience of soul;
Science is blind that it cannot see the Light of lights;
Science is deaf that it cannot hear the voice of silence.

But it boasts, boasts and boasts
Of inventions that cannot appease our hunger and thirst.
But these men who have forgotten all vanities of sensual life,
Pretensions, deceptions and arrant lies
Find every wave-length of heat or sound,
Light or air when reach their minds
Shatter the barriers of Science and its measurements
In the inner joy-inexplicable by the hounds of Science.

As if to proclaim this sublime Truth
From the deep of solitude,
The snow-clad mountains peep in silence
And quietly proclaim the glory of silence.

O the blessed abode of ancient saints and seers!.
Every pebble in thy bosom is blessed;
Thy breeze is blessed, thy birds are blessed;
The clouds that embrace thee are blessed,
So is every drop that falls from them;
Thy snow, like the milky sea, is blessed;
Thy caves are blessed, thy saints are blessed.

TRUTH WITHOUT A SECOND

Neither the three worlds nor the shining and dark paths,
Neither any forms, points nor the dimensions,
Neither the seer, seen nor sight ever exist;
But absolute Lord alone triumphs without a second.

Neither the plants, birds nor animals,
The flower, odour nor the fruits ever exist;
But formless, colourless and soundless,
Absolute Lord alone triumphs without a second.

Neither any top nor bottom,
Neither the cardinal points, space nor time,
Neither the gods, men nor women ever exist;
But absolute Lord alone triumphs without a second.

Neither the Vedas nor any ideas,
Neither the meditation nor the meditated,
Neither any formulas, rituals nor worships ever exist;
But absolute Lord alone triumphs without a second.

Neither fullness nor emptiness,
Neither the planets, stars, sun nor moon,
Neither the clouds, lightning nor thunder ever exist;
But absolute Lord alone triumphs without a second.

Neither the seven colours nor elements,
Neither the sun-rise nor sun-set,

Neither the cosmic day nor night ever exist;
But absolute Lord alone triumphs without a second.

Neither the heavens nor any worlds,
Neither any caste, colour nor creeds,
Neither any difference nor any differentiation ever exist;
But absolute Lord alone triumphs without a second.

He is absolute intelligence, pure and sinless,
The alpha and Omega of multi-universes;
Neither in It any change nor the rate of change,
But serene and peaceful shines the transcendental range.

Neither any conceptions nor any mathematical abstractions,
Neither any thoughts, subjects, nor objects ever exist;
But free from all blemishes, as the Unknown beyond
Absolute Lord alone triumphs without a second.

He is nameless and formless, stable and static,
The light of all minds, energy and matter;
Absolutely free from all limitations,
Infinite God alone triumphs without a second.

THE WORLD OF GOD

In the world of spirit, there is not the world
of colour and sound,
Nor the mischievous play of the glamouring senses
and mind;
In it, there is poor or low, beggar or king,
Nor the pain of death nor pleasure's silvery wings.
The darkness of earth and the effulgence of the
heaven,
The sun and the moon and the four directions,
All merge in this stupendous height of oneness;
For, the world of spirit is absolute loneliness.
The world of distinctions, differences and vanities
fade away there;
Instead, purity, innocence and uprightness, waft
perfume over there.
In the world of God shines not the world of silver
and gold;
But only goodness and goodness reigns in the world
of God.

WISDOM

Happy is he who has found wisdom,
And the peace that passeth all understanding;
Eternal life is her right hand,
Infinite joy is her left hand;
It's a cooling shadow to every traveller
Who lives and rejoices beneath her;
By wisdom, all secrets are divulged
And the clouds drop down the dew;
It's a fountain of bliss to one and all
And a guide light to every seeking soul;
She shall give thee the necklace of grace
And the crown of glory to thy head;
Now the clouds of fear will never torment thee,
And thy sleep shall be cool and sweet.
Wisdom is more precious than a treasure of silver and gold,
The greatest wealth, thus the sages have told.

WISDOM LIGHT

Not laziness, sleep nor gluttony—
But it is hard struggle, vigilance and perseverance
That can crown the soul with victory
In the spiritual path.

Not hypocrisy, nor artificial behaviour—
But it is straightforwardness, simpilcity and innocence
That makes the conduct shine,
And bestows the grace divine.

Not beard, manner of dress nor false shows—
But its purity, knowledge and renunciation
That goes to make a true Sannyasin
In the eyes of wise men.

Not scholarly erudition—
But it is Divine realisation
That makes one immortal,
And bestows the treasure of Self.

Not gold, silver nor material power—
But it is truth, universal love and renunciation
That can conquer the world,
And live in the hearts of men.

Not the material discoveries, nor the worship of nation—
But it is moral uprightness and worship of God

That can uplift mankind
To unity, peace and prosperity.

Not science, nor the deadly atomic weapons—
But it is the deadly poison in the hearts of men
That can destroy the world
And convert it into a desert.

WAKE UP, O SANNYASIN!

Wake up, O Sannyasin bold!
Thou art the All, the eternal Lord;
Be firm in this faith and behold
Thy true Divinity, crushing all desires old.
Thou can roam about in the home of bliss,
And cross the waves of time.
The wind and the rain will obey thy command,
And nature will fulfil thy demands.
The sun and moon are thy sparkling eyes;
The jewels of thy crown are the twinkling stars;
Infinite space is thy silken robe,
And the green fields are thy comb.
In the blowing wind and rushing cloud,
In the roaring river, lightning and thunder
O Truth, it is Thou who shines;
Thy name is the great Light Divine.

CONFUSE THEM NOT

The peace of infinite mind,
And suppression of mental modifications
May appear alike, but confuse them not.
The vision of the transcendental void
And vibration of consciousness
May appear alike, but confuse them not.
Flashes of intuition during deep contemplation
And scriptural convictions
May appear alike, but confuse them not.
The unalloyed bliss of transcendental being
And the longing for the same
May appear alike, but confuse them not.
Divine recklessness born of intense self-absorption
And a simulation of madness pretended
May appear alike, but confuse them not.
True compassion and service to humanity
And actions performed for name and fame
May appear alike, but confuse them not.
Supernatural visions in the mystic Realms
And mental hallucinations
May appear alike, but confuse them not.

CONTRADICTIONS

Beauty is but skin-deep,
It is no proof of virtue.
Worldly prosperity is but spiritual bankruptcy,
It is no proof of true happiness.
Old age is but a sign of death,
It is no proof of wisdom.
Intellectual gossips and bubbling emotions are but hallucinations:
They are no proof of knowledge and perfection.
Scriptural erudition is but a form of vanity:
It is no proof of true spiritual experience.
To cast away all clothes and live naked is but religious hypocrisy:
It is no proof of realisation and austerity.
Earthly life is but a dream:
It is no proof of true existence.
Birth is but an invitation to death:
It is no proof of real life.
Death is but a state of forgetfulness:
It is no proof of complete annihilation.
Secular knowledge is but an excuse of ignorance:
It is no proof of culture and wisdom.
Sense-pleasure is but pain in disguise:
It is no proof of everlasting bliss.
Casteism is but a bane:
It is no proof of true religiousness.
Mundane fame is but an imaginary phantom:
It is no proof of true greatness.

THE MASTER IDLER

By thinking of the unthinkable, only a thought is formed:
By meditating on Him who has no distinctive marks, one is embezzled.
O, Where is the triad?
Knower, known and the knowable?
Where are dialectics and the cause for arguments?
There exist neither the vacillating mind nor the deluding intellect,
Mind is spell-bound and speech is hushed into silence,
And the soul greets the soul in a glance.
Lo! this vision makes the eloquent wise
And turns an active person inactive.
A duty-ridden, hurried, civilized Mr. or Mrs.
Can never even dream of this bliss;
They are born to eat, drink and die
Their life is nothing but a deliberate lie;
They mourn in the end, gnash the teeth and cry
And fall in the abyss of darkness with a deep sigh.

FREEDOM

Freedom is thy birthright,
Freedom is thy very breath;
Verily, freedom is the source of all bliss.
Freedom is thy heart-string,
Freedom flows in thy blood;
Verily, through freedom, one attains the Supreme.
Freedom is the source of all joy,
Freedom is thy essential nature;
Verily, through freedom, the supreme condition is fulfilled.
Freedom is the source of thy strength,
Freedom is the goal of thy life;
Verily, through freedom, one attains actionlessness.
Freedom is the fountain of peace,
Freedom is the avenue of wisdom;
Verily, freedom is the highest achievement.
My life is freedom,
My food is freedom,
My abode is freedom,
I live to give freedom.

THE OCEAN OF BLISS

Lo! the infinite transcendental realm,
The ocean of milk here does surge and storm;
It's the ever milky Atma-sarovar
Snow-white and ever pure.
Like a sun, It neither rises nor sets;
Serene and peaceful It rests
Illuminating all minds and speech—
Infinite bliss, without a match.
Its perennial joy is ever afresh—
A delicious drink to every thirsting soul;
Sorrow and death never enter here,
Nor gloom, agony, nor despair;
In thy throbbing bosom lies the throne
With the heaven above as the crown.

SPARKS OF WISDOM

There is no other fire like hunger
Which can burn a living body:
Verily Yogi or Bhogi, saint or sinner
None can live without food.
There is no other fever like sorrow
Which can weaken a living body;
Ignorance is its cause:
Destroy it through Self-knowledge.
There is no other ornament like knowledge
Which can adorn a living body;
Verily, deaf or dumb, poor or low-born,
He who has knowledge shines.
There is no other shield like patience
Which can protect a living body;
It is strength to the weak,
And a garland to the strong.
There is no other virtue like truthfulness
Which can make one fearless.
There is no other charm like peace
Which can attract the hearts of men.
There is no other power like courage
Which can conquer anything.
There is no other quality like straightforwardness
Which can purify the heart.
There is no other strength like will
Which can resist temptations.
There is no other light like faith
Which can illumine the spiritual path.

TRUE YOGA AND SAINTHOOD

Purity is his colour,
Knowledge is his power;
Peace is his fragrance;
Virtue is his sweetmeat;
His soul is the cosmic Self;
His body is the Universe;
He has cosmic thought, cosmic will,
Cosmic mind and cosmic life;
He sees everything in perfect order
And soars above as the source of nature.
The greatest miracle is this creation,
And God is the unseen magician.
It is fools who believe and worship
Witchcraft, magic feats and double cheats.

TRUE SANNYASIN

Beyond the reach of Maya's glamours,
Equanimous in praise and honour,
Walks alone the true Sannyasin—
Pure and bold, noble and holy.

The path of renunciation and sublime love.
The brave Sannyasin treads smoothly;
He is condensed love, light and peace,
Ever pure and bold, noble and holy.

The light of equal vision
As radiant joy from him flows;
Absolutely desireless he lives
The sincere Sannyasin, pure and bold, noble and holy.

He is a sun which neither rises nor sets,
And rays of wisdom ever he sheds;
The fragrance of universal love
Radiates from him in abundance.
Thus lives the true Sannyasin—
Pure and bold, noble and holy.

Free from all sensual cravings,
Free, free also from all mundane longings.
He dwells peaceful in the silence within.
In the majesty of infinite Light
Aimless he wanders about.
Thus lives the true Sannyasin—
Pure and bold, noble and holy.

Far away from alluring charms and fleeting glories,
Ever satisfied in the bliss of God,
With a single resolute will,
He lives—the guileless Sannyasin—
Pure and bold, noble and holy.
His life simple and pure,
Free from all flimsy shows:
But sincere and truthful to the order
Lives the true Sannyasin—
Pure and bold, noble and holy.

Uprooting all attachments to sense-pleasure
And craving for worldly name and fame,
He stands above all false shows,
But true to the holy order, he treads the path—
The wise Sannyasin—pure and bold, noble and holy.

Self-centred, serene and peaceful,
As a source of happiness to all living beings,
In the stupendous stillness within
Lives the true Sannyasin—ever enraptured,
Pure and bold, noble and holy.

With palms of his hands as vessel for food,
The shade of trees for his comfortable bed
And absorbed ever in the transcendental joy,
He lives—the true Sannyasin—pure and bold, noble and holy.

Worldly men call him mad:
The weak-minded call him lazy;
The little-minded regard him with contempt;
But as a source of joy, wisdom and solace
To every sincere seeker of God
He lives happily, rejoicing in the Self—
The true Sannyasin—pure and bold, noble and holy.

DESTINY

I shall tell man's best course to choose:
He is ever free, a source of infinite force;
All binding barriers he can shake off at will;
All fetters with this he can drill.
It is understanding that guides his faith,
Feelings and desires;
His thoughts and behaviour
Always form his character;
And it is character that weaves his destiny;
So, change of understanding changes the destiny.
O, kindle in the heart the lamp of wisdom,
The lamp of self-control, faith, love and knowledge;
Thus the course of destiny wondrous and strange
Here and now you may change.
Mercilessly rolls the wheel of destiny
To those who behold here many;
But the wise shatter the wheel
And merge themselves in the All.

DUTY OF MAN

Man must know the goal of life first,
The society he can serve only next;
Man must make himself perfect first,
Only then he can make others perfect;
Man must lead the divine life first,
Only then he can be a beacon light;
Lest he might lead others reckless and blind,
Like the blind led by the blind.

Unless man attains here his Godhead,
And the society marches Godward,
The world will be turned into brutes
In human forms, living in blindness.
Work he should perform to worship his God
And not to adore the phantom of nation,
Nor any mundane warlords.
Let him feel the world as his body,
His life as the life of all living beings;
His happiness he must equally share with others,
And help others in their sorrow and distress;
Thus, he should expand himself through wisdom:
Only then he would enjoy here true freedom.

Let morality be the mark of his countenance,
Honesty and truthfulness his guidance,
Sincerity and courage his companions,
And the heart be ever filled with compassion.

He must perceive the overself shining in all,
And not adore the body and cause a downfall.

He is a beast who believes not in God.
His life is worthless and he speaks only lies.

He is verily God who feels himself thus—
And a beast if he thinks himself otherwise;
He is bound who feels himself as bound:
He is free who feels himself as free.

In madness man sows the seeds of sorrow;
But through wisdom he can inherit eternal joy;
In ignorance he boasts andn denies the Creator,
Out of greed he may destroy one another;
But God only laughs at the folly of men—
He used to clean the world every now and then.

TRUE WISDOM

Scholars are many who know the sacred scriptures,
But few are those who find the spiritual treasure!
Worthless is learning if it fails to give one happiness,
Worthless is knowledge if it seeks earthly gains.
Up above the sky may soar a vulture,
But its eyes are cast below on the carrion!
Not wordy warfare, nor the cramming of scriptural texts
That can conquer the realm of silence;
But it is the mystic eye of intuition,
That can bestow the divine vision.
Will the repetition of the name of a medicine
Ever cure a disease and its pain?
No word, no medicine, no scripture,
No school, no college, no teacher
Can ever cure the dreadful sting
Stung by the serpent of ignorance;
But through the mystic vision of truth.
For, wisdom is a gift from heaven.
Knowledge is proud that it boasts too much,
Wisdom is humble, that it abides in peace.

THE VOICE WITHIN

Neither verbal knowledge can dispell ignorance,
Nor earthly gains can cure the sting of death.
Rich or poor, all body-wearers must
As victims of death, come to dust.
Therefore arise, awake and walk in righteousness,
Lest, life should end in sheer wickedness.
Desires fulfilled can never quench thy thirst;
Desires chain thee from birth to birth.
But desirelessness alone is the source of bliss,
And the gateway to the Supreme Self.
The worldly show is but Maya's charm
Which deludes the soul in various forms.
O harken to the voice within—
The sweet voice of the soul Divine.

THE END OF THY JOURNEY

Childhood may pass away with the toys,
Youth in toils and momentary joys;
Old age in grief and various worries;
Titles and riches may vanish like a dream;
Name and fame may wither away—
Within a glance, casting a transcient gleam;
Time may mark wrinkles in thy cheeks;
Friendship may fail and love may betray;
Rivals may begin to carp and cavil;
Learning may end in verbal boasting;
Honour and position may fall off;
Beauty and power may collapse;
Death may cast at thee evil eyes;
The mind may be clotted with darkness;
All nature may begin to frown at thee;
The path may be haunted with fire and thorns;
Hunger and thirst may make thee mourn;
Sorrow and distress may crumble thee down.
But march thou, O hero, march thou alone
Challenging all obstacles and crushing them down;
Nay, chewing them with courage one by one;
Now clasp in silence thy glorious divinity.
Lo! thy journey ends in Eternity.

A WANDERER

He left the native land, kith and kin,
Parents, friends, pelf and sin;—
The fountains, hills, groves and meadows
He saw and loved from childhood.
Not in desperation—not in grief—
Nor to escape the struggle of life
But the soul of him within whispered
He heard the voice and obeyed.
He wandered from place to place
Through mountain vales and river beds
Full of orchards, shade and breeze
He sat a while in profound thought
And drank the heavenly light—
The lovely rose that sprang in May
Fell in love with his sparkling eyes
He looked and looked and the more he looked
The more and more his eyes upturned.
He saw the rainbow paint the sky
And bade him good-bye, by and by
And the vales full of blossoms
Dancing in the cooling breeze.
His path was like the milky way
His heart was full of gay
He gazed and gazed and saw nothing
But the heavenly glory in everything.
Men, women, birds and beasts
The grassy meadows and the starry night
He met them wherever he went

All moving in the vision bright.
He slept in shades all alone
The grassy layer was his bed of down
His dreams were sweet, free from strife
He lived in the brightness of renewed life.
Like a lonely cloud in the moonlit night
He wandered in the celestial light
The heaven above adored him
The stars twinkle around him.

LORD IS MY GOOD SHEPHERD

My God is sweet and loving
He is eternal and ever living
He gives me food and shelter
And consoles me in sorrow and despair
He orders the wind to fan me
And asks the clouds to spread an umbrella
His smiles I receive from the flowers
His fragrance I enjoy in the beauteous spring
His lakes, fountains and rivers
Serve me for ever and ever.
His radiant sky lit up with stars and moon
Puts me in a spell and charm
He cools my mind with delicious nectar
And thrills my heart with cosmic love
My mind is silenced when I think of Him
And my breath becomes slow and slow
Silence is His name, silence His abode
Silence His voice, Silence His body
In silence He comes
In silence He reveals
The Lord is my good shepherd
And I am His sheep
He gives me the celestial Manna to eat
And the heavenly nectar to drink
He grazes me in the meadow of bliss
And guides my weary steps
He is my shepherd, joy and light
Whom I could never forget.

STEPPING TOWARDS THE EAST

"Towards the east, O mind, towards the east"—
I murmured within and went in haste
For the sun of life, light and power
Glances at first over there.

The sky was brilliant blue
The wind whistled and blew
The birds sang, flowers smiled
And the humming bees flew around
The milky peak of mount Himavan
Dazzled and kissed the heavens.

The eastern sky was soon painted
In colours golden, rose and crimpson
With the orb of the sun in the middle
It shone like a lotus fell from heaven
The great Lord who made earth and heaven
And all the beauties, seen and unseen
Out of joy made this flower
Which blossoms in the land of angels—
Angels who sang the immortal hymns
Of celestial Gita and Upanishads
Who forsook kingdoms, fame and power
And sought the inner light, strength and joy
To crush Maya and its binding fetters
To win the glory which knew no decay.

The land where the great poets, saints and seers
Saw the Light of lights, sang in ecstasy, shedding tears

Where the great emperors reigned and heroes fought
And the Divine Light played with men.
O Land of glory, illumine the world
Destroy ignorance and shine in triumph.

I HAVE COME TO GIVE, TAKE AND STEAL

I come like waves of bliss,
I come like a shower of joy
I dwell in the hearts of all beings
I shall give wisdom and light
I come from the kingdom of joy
Eternal life, goal and glory;
I have come to take away sins
And cure the fever of ignorance.
I come from the invisible zone
Illumined by eternal sunshine
I will steal away the hearts of men
And fill them with nectar divine.
I come like a flash of lightning,
I live like a blazing sun;
I have come to give, take and steal,
I have come to console, smile and heal.

THE LIBERTY WE SEEK

Some with spiritual light and vision,
Others with chisel, brush and pen
Circumscribe their imaginative flights
And raise the world to greater heights
A nation is made strong and great
Not by men whom we daily greet
But by the invention, origination and sacrifice
of the unknown individuals' genius
Not in a closed tyrannical society
Lies the growth and salvation of humanity
But in the right to dissent from established doctrine
And the freedom of man to venture into territories unknown
And fly such flights of liberty and freedom
Then to come back with useful Truth and wisdom
And boldly utter them for posterity's sake—
Such liberty and freedom we shall seek.

FOUNT OF LIFE

I thought deeply, till all thoughts
Vanished into the one thought
Of Infinity, light and truth
And there it dwelt in the supreme mirth
Breath became slow and slow
Till it ceased to flow
Love and hatred, attachment and aversion
Dissolved into the mystic ocean
Like vapour into the ether
Mingled the psychic power
With the ocean of stillness.
Call It Light, Peace or Oneness.
Our enchanting world
With all its woes and joys, told and untold
Is likened unto a dream.
The fount of life is found
By renouncing this dream.

FOREST OF FLOWERS IN BLOOM

Oh forest of flowers in bloom, awake
Thou resembleth the luminous sky full of stars
Shining like a deep blue lake
Full of lilies in bloom afar.
Thou art the softest, dearest and tenderest
A feast unto our eyes and a soothing balm.
In thy presence melt the most cruel hearts
Woes vanish seeing thy beauty and charm
But there are human hearts
More beautiful, lovely and tender
Free from the evils of earth
Ever filled with His feeling and wonder.
So, a heart that delights in Him
In beauty exists like a forest of flowers in bloom.

INFINITE MIRTH IS MANKIND

O, Infinite mirth how can I worship Thee?
My tongue cannot praise Thee
My mind cannot think of Thee
My eyes cannot perceive Thee
Nor my hands can grasp Thee.
All thoughts were renounced,
All cares, desires and wants
Even the idea of the body
Was forgotten in Thy joy.
Thou art silence, love and bliss
Truth, endless existence and happiness
In Thee there is no time, no space
Nor the three dimensions
All motions come to a standstill
Countless worlds like glow worms sparkle
O, Infinity, Thou art the purest
Thou art naked and the loveliest
Alike above and below and all around
Thou blazes forth without a second.

II

O, Infinity, O delight,
Image of the supreme light
Why wander here like a mad man
Dreaming and weeping, in death and scorn?
You have submerged your soul
In mammon and women
In name, fame and position

In corruption and exploitation
In wars and tribulations
In a world of your own creation.
You are immersed and forgotten your glory
And wander like a fierce ghost.
Your mind is molested
Your thoughts are perverted
Science and new inventions
Only blind your vision
You have become faithless
And render life worthless
You stand in the rostrum and speak
Words of love and beseek
Goodwill among peoples
Prosperity and freedom for all.
But your knowledge evaporates
In the heat waves of greed
Lo brother man exploits his brethren
Son quarrels with his father.
You have turned this rose garden
Into a thorny bush of exploitation
O, corruption, greed and vanity
Give up thy sway over humanity
For man in his prestine purity
Is devoid of impurity.

III

O ignorance, O mischief
Thy ways are mysterious
Thou hath made thy *creator* mad
And makes him rot in pride
Thou maketh the unreal

Appear as if real.
Endless is thy dominion
Ruled by Satan
O man, glow of God
Why establishes thee kingdoms and then quarrel?
Why create distrust and fraud
And put on the leaders apparel?

IV

In true life man is awakened
To wisdom, generosity and universal love
The light of brotherhood will be kindled
And humanity will feel like a family
Ambition and greed will give way
To oneness, freedom and understanding
Virtue will then be man's wealth
And the malicious ego will find its death
Unto the supreme truth all will turn
And mankind will behold mankind as one
The threat of war, famine and competition
Will give way to peace, prosperity and co-operation.
O Divinity, Thine is this rose garden
Thou art its nightingale
Sing Thou now the song of unity
Sing till thy life ends in eternity
True life, true joy and true light
In this fleeting world none will find
It is found only in the supreme Truth

DEATH AND IMMORTALITY

And mankind verily is that infinite mirth.
Our lives end in funeral ceremony
Where the faint voice of attachment and affection
Rings aloud the final agony
Weeping we came, weeping we go
Our smiles and joys of the dreamy world
Mingled with the mist of sorrow
Rise above like a smoky cloud.
O graveyard, thy slumber is decorated
By sorrow, smoke and flames
Thy bosom is ornamented—
By red and black fumes.
Like a saint in deep contemplation
Thou layeth in profound meditation
At times thy countenance lits up
And in jollity thou waketh up.
Oh best philosopher mighty prophet
Last resort of the great and small
Thou art impartial and thy precepts
Send a melencholy note to one and all.
Whence we came whither we go?
Why we meet the mortal end?
Let us think before we fall below
Into the depth of darkness, bound.
We are born as if to live and die
And all things born should live and die.
Then weep not over the inevitable?
Nor challenge the law Eternal?

Mystic

II

Are we then the decaying flesh and bone?
Nay, the inner divine eye in us
Can shatter death and pain
In a moment and turn us immortals.
Our birth is the dawn of a noble day
In ignorance our real life we deny
Life eternal within us
Shines behind the veil of nescience.
Like day and night life and death
Succeeds one after the other
But our soul, the sun, our real wealth
Shines for ever and ever.

III

A willing death—if thou wisheth to live
Thou shalt die, only to find thee again
Sporting in splendid light and love
And thine the world, thine the greatest gain.
Oh joy, joy, boundless joy;
Angels sing thy glory
Thy self, the nearest, dearest and best
In love, delight and infinity resteth
Then love not life, scorn not death
Nor weep over the inevitable
Immortality is our lovely wreath
Scented in life Eternal.

PARROTS IN BONDAGE

A highland lad as he strolled
Amidst the greeny forest
High up in a pines hollow
Found a pair of parrots' nest.
Up he climbed and pulled from it
Two Parakeets of charm and beauty
Their bites made him hold them tight
And he ran a race back to home.
With a craftsman's skill he built a cage
And confined the birds in it.
He gave them honey, milk and fruits
And guarded them from the cruel cat
He made them sing and fed them well
Quath he! I do them good!
One day as he sat beside them
In a merry mood sang a hymn—
"Tell me, tell me O pretty ones
What I sing is fact or fiction?
From a life barbarous and wild
From fear, rain and winter
From thy wild tribe and clan
From hunger, thirst and death
I have redeemed thee, built a cage
Fed thee well, taught thee sing
Comforts of life, angels long—
I gave thee in abundance
Now tell me if you think it fit
To wander aimless in the forest

Where you seldom find a fruit to bite
And live in constant fear
Of the wild, cruel, hungry falcon?"
The charming parrots flapped their wings
And the highland lad heard them say.
"O for a moment, for a moment,
O, set us free for a moment
Thy milk and honey and fruits
Keep thou ever with thee.
O fool, O villain, O hungry despot
Know you not the truth of life?
He who made the earth and heaven
Made all creatures free.
To live, choose, think and move
To seek happiness as each desired.
In this wretched cage we live in bondage
Dreaming of our lost freedom.
Like a phantom still we behold
The forest dancing in the Spring
The virgin hue of the rising sun
Still arise in our dimmed vision
You are fit for spoils, your heart is stony
Your ruthless conscience knows no pity
This filthy cage of golden colour
Though you may call it heaven
We will deem it a dark prison
And thy sweets and honey as poison.
Thou hath distressed our soul
Suppressed our thought and voice
Have we power, have we strength
We would scratch thee to death."
But the highland lad
Like a hungry despot

Laughed a laugh of scoff
And muttered in a conceited tone,
"I keep thee for my joy
Like a child keeps his toy."
So the truth of life, the great truth
Is the truth of liberty and freedom
A system that mar our conscience
Is a tragedy leading to death
Then trust not the golden cage
Nor the promised heaven on earth
But be watchful and find the truth
And see liberty is not at stake.

WHITE, WHITE CLOUDS

White, white clouds
Milky white clouds
In a moon-lit night
Floated aloft.
Each a separate blossom,
Alone, single and solitary—
White, white clouds,
Lily-white clouds
Like lilies in bloom
Floated aloft.
The hemisphere like a cup
Of boiling milk
With the golden moon
Floated aloft.
The deep blue sky
Hither and thither
Like a deep blue lake
Shone over them
And the glittering stars
Twinkled over them;
The moon like a queen
In her virginity shone.
O what a glorious sight!
Has decorated the night!
My heart was stilled;
My eyes were filled;
O white, white clouds,
Lily white clouds

Like full blown lilies
Floated aloft.
Within them dazzled
The light of my eyes;
Within them danced
The thrill of my joy.
Lo! the soul of my soul
Still hold them all.

IN CONTEMPLATION

Thou hath made me renounce the worldly life
And all attachments with the muddy vesture of decay
Thou hath led me through endless strife
And cleansed me of all sins.
From mountain to mountain I wandered—
Along the shades of rising cliffs
Along the banks of dancing streams
I found Thy Infinite presence
In all that I saw around.
I moved and breathed within thee
Thy Infinite grace hath showered on me.
Unknown people have served me
In unknown vales I slept
Loved and liked everywhere
I wandered through the lands and forests
I felt nothing new nor strange
I found everything melt in love
Like the radiant sun-rays spread
On all around
Thy infinite grace and mercy
Always surrounded me.
In the flash of lightning
I saw Thy face brightening
When I heard Thy clouds thunder
I gazed at them in wonder
I saw the candles of night
Lit the floor of Thy heaven
In the blooming lotus

I found Thy boldest suit of mirth
Thy merry birds and grassy meadows
Mighty rivers and their garlanded banks
Enchanted me, and my heart still in contemplation
Felt Thy magic touch in such meditation
In unknown places I have never dreamt of
I have traversed, I have lived—
To see Thy celestial beauty around
To smell Thy infinite odour around.
I behold the world pass like a procession
And enter into Thy infinite ocean
I behold nations give up hostile notions
And rise in unity like the morning sun
To me every portion of this marvellous universe
Whether alive or inert, permanent or impermanent
Is a thing of beauty, a piece of wonder
And an object of contemplation.

THE RIDDLE OF FINAL TRUTH

Billions of years ago
When there was no earth,
No sun, no stars,
There was something strange and wonderous.
Was it existence or non-existence?
Was It light, energy or substance?
I'll call It the Supreme Intelligence—
I'll call It the Divine Essence.
It was nothing, yet it was full
It was the One and It knew Itself well
The wheel of time did not exist then
Nor the runnels of relative events.
Then, no one knows when
An extraordinary event took place
Triggered by the Supreme Intelligence
Impelled by Its own nature.
Lo multi-universes bloomed out
With mighty suns, planets and stars
Thus, out of nothing
Sprang forth everything
Out of the subtle essence
Manifested gross substance
When the earth was barren and lifeless
He appeared as the first molecule
And multiplied, and evolved into all forms of life
Yet, all these universes
With all its stars
Suns and planets

Are destined to eventual decay
And in a whimper they will pass away
How then we will know the Intelligence?
Its mystery and existence?
Is it a paradoxical proposition
Like an undemonstrable theorem?
Nay, the Absolute ever lay at ease
Self revealed and self proved.
He who ventures to know It
Should dare to become It
For, there is no other knower other than the Supreme
Wherein the Knower and the Known are one and the same
Then, O seeker of Truth, mark this point well
That knowledge of Self alone will solve the riddle.

TO A SUN FLOWER

Most beautiful and loveliest art of nature
I wonder at Thee, and a thrill of joy
Shakes my soul in rapture
And magic fills my eyes.
Lo! a splendour rises in the eastern gate
Robed in rays of milky white
And as it stands in heavenly state
Thou shineth in lovely amber bright.
In Thy tender folds who hath laid
Beauty wrapped in morning dew?
A heavenly vision Thou hath relayed
Oh! who will enjoy this celestial view?
Let, Thy beauty folds to remind us
That eternal beauty is something else.

I SEE, I *FEEL*

I see, I feel from the depth of my heart
The fountain of life in bloom
I see, I feel the charm of its art
In silence reigns over the realms.
The dancing streams and murmuring seas,
The Music of May and midday splendour,
The fairy forests, plains and groves;
The fields of sleep and heavenly wonder;
All, I see, I feel dissolved in me—
In the surging joy of eternal glory.
The earthly glow like an imaginary gleam
In the primal joy hath sunk its beam
Lo! the dominion of death is illumined ,
The veil is off and Truth is naked.
No mortal blow can mar this vision
No temporal vice can destroy It.
The Truth is awake which having risen
Never perishes—never sets.
I see, I feel this immortal bliss
I see, I feel this infinite grasp
More firmly than the unwise
Cling on to their muddy sap.

ONE WORLD, ONE LIFE, ONE GOD FOR MAN

Under the roof of the same sky we dwell
The same air we breathe and the same water we drink,
The same earth gives us food, the same oceans
surround us;
The same Sun gives us light, and the same Moon illumines the night;
The same clouds give us rains and the same wind blows round us;
The mountains, rivers, lakes and meadows
All serve the same purpose of man.
But man has named them, divided them into nations
And erected fictitious barriers against nature's consanguinity
In truth the world is one, mankind is one
And our material existence is one.
It's the same light that illumines all eyes;
The same fire digests our food and the same life-force runs in our veins;
The same power throbs in our bosoms;
The same emotions, the same intelligence fill our hearts and minds;
The same life is awake in man and animal, in birds and trees
And life is one—the dearest thing of all that breathes.

But lust for power and greed have made

The rich and the poor, the high and the low;
The one infinite Truth fills our universe;
The one Truth is the indweller in all hearts—
The source, support and substratum of all—
In the same Truth, the same Self, the same Light.
Every atom has its identity with this Truth,
Separate yet non-separate, divided yet undivided;
Every man has his oneness with It;
Individual yet Cosmic, part yet the whole—
Such is the law of diversity in unity and unity in diversity

And the super Knowledge alone will perfect man—
Perfect our world—where everyone will have duty towards the other
And everyone will live, love and unite in spiritual proximity.

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P.O. Sivanandanagar, Dt. Tehri-Garhwal, U.P., Himalayas.

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(a) By publication of books, pamphlets and magazines dealing with ancient, oriental and occidental philosophy, religion and medicine in the modern scientific manner, and their distribution on such terms as may appear expedient to the Board of Trustees;

(b) By propagating the Name of the Lord, and by holding and arranging spiritual discourses and conferences and frequent Sankirtans or spiritual gatherings for singing and glorifying the Name of the Lord;

(c) By establishing training centres or societies for the practice of Yoga, for moral and spiritual Sadhanas and the revival of true culture, to enable aspirants to achieve regeneration through worship, devotion, wisdom, right action and higher meditation, with systematic training in Asanas, Pranayama, Dharana, Dhyana and Samadhi;

(d) And by doing all such acts and things as may be necessary and conducive to the moral, spiritual and cultural uplift of mankind in general and to the attainment of the above-mentioned objects in Bharatavarsha in particular:

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On modern lines and on right basic principles and to help deserving students by granting them refundable or non-refundable scholarships for doing research work in the various branches of existing scriptures and comparative religion, as also to train them to disseminate spiritual knowledge in the most effective manner;

III. *To Help Deserving Orphans and Destitutes*

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IV. *To Establish and Run Medical Organisations*

Or any other medical institutions and hospitals or dispensaries for the treatment of diseases and dispensing medicines and performing surgical operations, etc., to the poor in particular and to the other public in general, on such terms and in such manner as may be deemed expedient by the Board of Trustees;

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As may be necessary for effecting a quick and effective moral and spiritual regeneration in the world and in Bharatavarsha in particular.

This Society was registered as a Trust in the year 1936 and has been actively functioning since then to fulfil the above sublime aims and objects in the world.

ERRATA

Page	*Line*	*For*	*Correct*
16	27	The	Then
20	2	reseath	roseath
94	1	Let me die a thousand times,	Let me be born a thousand times,
112	3	In it, there is poor or low, beggar or king,	In it, there is no poor nor low, beggar nor king,
128	9	andn	and
144	1	(The whole line should be deleted from here)	(This line should be read as the last line of Page 143)
155	13	Let, Thy beauty folds to remind us	Yet, Thy beauty fades to remind us
158	5	In	Is
158	13	proximity	promiscuity

What Eminent Men Say

SOME OPINIONS

Preet Nagar,
Punjab.
14-4-61.

My Dear Swamiji,

I have read your poems full of peace and joy. Some of them have given me much solace and comfort. I congratulate you for the ease and fluency of your diction. It runs like the rhythm of a stream flowing dancingly. Yours is a song to soothe and inspire.

I am returning your MSS with all my good wishes and a sense of gratefulness that you paid me a visit and gave me the opportunity to have a glimpse of your simple, sincere soul.

With respects,
Yours sincerely,
(Sd.) GUR BAKSH SINGH

* * *

I went through the Manuscripts and it is good.

(Sd.) SRI N.V. GADGIL,
Ex-Governor, Punjab.

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